"THE VEILED UNKNOWN," A THRILLING NOVEL BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# THE MYSTERY OF ROOM 88

## By T. C. HARBAUGH.

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The 10:30 train from the West over the Gold Knob & Silver Fork Railroad was just an hour late, and this would not bring it to Preston until nearly midnight. The cause of the delay was said to be snowdrifts at Mount Claire Canyon, and the few passengers who were waiting for the delayed train in the well-lighted and comfortable depot at Preston made themselves as snug as possible. A strong wind was blowing, and, while snow had fallen but slightly in the streets of the bustling mountain city which had all the modern conveniences of a real metropolis, no one looked for a blockade.

The largest hotel in Preston was The Imperial, where the prices were high and the cuisine excellent. It was patronized by those who had made their pile in the West, and its fame had extended to both coasts. Unlike many of its near-by neighbors, The Imperial had, as yet, had no tragedy connected with its name, and Mr. Joe Haberton, the night clerk with the gorgeous diamond on his immaculate shirt front, did not dream they were on the eve of a very strange and puzzling one.

Mr. Haberton was just the man for the place, suave, good-looking and cheerful, and always had an eye open for the comfort of his guests. These came from all parts of the country, and in a short time he came to know them all.

Those who had observed Joseph lately said privately that he was enamored of a handsome widow who had occupied a room in The Imperial for three months. She was a Mrs. Ethel Parsons, a stately brunette of perhaps thirty, dashing in more ways than one, and said to be the widow of a money king, who had obligingly died and left her the bulk of a million. Mrs. Parsons, while dashing, as has been said, did not seem to pose as a man-hunter, though she did not shun the attentions of good-looking gentlemen, the night clerk included, who always mixed her cocktails himself, and sent them up to her room decorated with the finest flowers to be found in Preston.

When the belated 10:30 came in that night the bus brought to the foyer of The Imperial but one passenger, who alighted, with a small grip. He was a man with a face of iron, framed in silvered hair, well-dressed, and passing sixty. Those who still lounged in the reception room of the hotel guessed him variously. One took him for a speculator, who knew just what he was about, another thought he was a retired army officer, for he had a military look and no mistake, while a third said he looked like some one he had seen in the United States Senate.

Joe greeted this personage in his most genial manner, pushed the register toward him, and politely handed him a pen.

"Dead! And murdered at that!"

To the clerk's observation that the train was late, the new guest simply bowed, scrawled his name in a quick, jerky manner on the page, and, without looking about him, asked to be shown at once to his room.

The polite clerk again sized up his guest, and, calling the doorway bell boy, ordered him to take the gentleman to Room 88.

"Wish to be called, sir?" asked Joe, as the guest with the little alligator skin grip moved away.

"No call," was the response, in clear, but quick tones. "I suppose you let a fellow sleep here as late as he pleases?"

"Certainly, sir. Henry, see that the room is well-heated and the gentleman properly cared for."

The elevator shot out of sight with its load and Joe turned to the register and looked at the name, the ink of which still glistened on the page.

"I say, Lamon," he said to one of the three loungers mentioned above. "What did you guess him to be?"

Lamon, a youngish man with a blase look, came forward with a smile.

"I thought he was a United States Senator," said he.

"Just look at that name, will you? United States Senator be hanged!"

"Why, it's old Higgins!"

"Yes," said Joe. "Higgins, the man who owns more mines and city property than any living person. I've heard of him a thousand times, but this is our first meeting. It's queer, though."

"What is?"

"Why, that he should stop at the best hotel in Preston. He generally puts up at the second-class ones, you know. Has queer ideas; is a sort of miser, despite his enormous wealth, and, most of the time registers under another name."

"If he's really Higgins, the millionaire, I can't understand it," remarked Lamon, as he relighted his cigar and soon afterward bade the clerk good night.

The next morning there was found to be a little more snow on the ground and the mountains that hemmed the city in were quite white. Mrs. Parsons smiled at Joseph as she passed in to breakfast, up a little earlier than common, and the clerk thought her more charming than ever. For the moment he forgot Higgins and his millions, for a pretty woman will drive everything but herself out of a man's mind.

Ten o'clock came and then noon. Joe, who had taken his real forenoon nap, strolled behind the clerk's desk and said something to Miss Pettit, the typewriter, that caused her to smile archly and miss half a line of her copy, and then went over to the proprietor, Colonel Bell, who was reading the morning paper.

"What, not Alva Higgins, the gold bug?" ejaculated the Colonel, looking up at the clerk. "Where did you put him?"

"In 88."

"It's all right, I guess. Has he been down to breakfast?"

"I don't know, but I'll see."

The clerk inquired, and discovered that no man answering his description of the late guest had been to the dining room that morning.

"Maybe something's happened to the old bloke," said Joe, as he rejoined the Colonel. "Shall I go up?"

"You might."

Whereupon the elevator carried the night clerk to the fourth floor, and in a few minutes he was rapping at Room 88. There was no response, though he rapped a little louder the second time.

"Something's the matter in there," said the clerk and in a moment he had drawn his nimble figure up to the transom and was looking into the chamber. It was light enough to let him take in a good view of the interior, and the first look startled him and made his bold.

"Dead! and murdered at that!" exclaimed Joe, as color fled from his face. "This is a pretty thing for The Imperial. And the first thing of the kind we've ever had."

He did not take long for the news to get down stairs. And it took less time for the fatal chamber to be opened to a lot of gaping people.

The belated guest lay across the bed partially dressed. He had been dead some hours. A brief examination showed a rugged dagger wound over the heart, and some blood had trickled from the wound and dyed the whiteness of the covers.

On the floor near the dead man's feet lay the little grip, apparently undisturbed, and an inspection of its contents put to rest all doubts as to the guest's identity. He was "Old Higgins," sure enough; he was the man who had wrecked more men and made more money within a given time than any one person in the country. The Vanderbilts and Goulds feared him, and a thousand money kings hundreds of miles away trembled whenever they heard that "Hig," as he was called, was operating again.

Of course the tragedy thrilled Preston as it had never been thrilled. In less than an hour it was known all over the country.

and the cables had carried the news to every part of the world. The police of the mountain city took the matter up, but in less than half a day they seemed at the end of their string. There was absolutely no clew. The dead man's door had been found locked on the inside, his window likewise, and all admitted that it was impossible for the murderer to enter the room by the transom.

That afternoon Mrs. Ethel Parsons encountered the night clerk in one of the upper corridors. She had a room on the same floor as the murdered man; it was almost opposite his. Room 86, next to it on the left, was not occupied at all the fatal night, while 90 had had for a guest a young Italian named Catalano, who ran a monte bank on Prescott street.

The Italian, when questioned, declared that he had not heard any noise during the previous night, and Mrs. Parsons informed Joe, the night clerk, that she always slept too sound to be disturbed by the work of a secret killer.

Ethel Parsons seemed to take a good deal of interest in the mysterious tragedy of The Imperial. Whenever chance favored her she spoke to Joe about it, and the clerk, deeming it obliging the dashing creature, gathered all the news he could for her special delectation. He liked to be with her. Her dark eyes had charms he could not resist, and during the next few days he carried her all the news he could concerning the grewsome matter.

Mrs. Parsons could not bring herself to look upon the face of the murdered man. She said she had a horror of such things; that it must be a heritage from her mother, and Joe thought that quite likely.

Meanwhile, the grip of the dead man remained at police headquarters until one day a man came and asked to see it. He was a little man, with a sharp, peaked face, with a nose like a hawk's bill, and a cast in one eye. He might have been fifty years old, and his hands were as small as a child's. Added to this, he had a keen, penetrating look, and when he came over to The Imperial he registered as "Silas P. Patterson, New York," and asked to be shown to Room 88.

Young Mr. Habberton took the little gentleman up himself. When he opened the door Mr. Patterson took a pair of glasses out of his vest pocket, adjusted the same over his thin nose, and looked around.

He did not go to the bed, nor look at the window, as a detective would have done. He did not look at the wall to see if there was a secret door, nor peep into the dresser at one side of the room. Habberton was at the time telling how the crime was discovered, but he always heard him he did not mention it by the slightest motion.

"The grip is at police headquarters," said Joe Habberton.

"Yes."

"There was nothing found in it but a few collars, a bit of soap, some papers which identified those owned."

"Nothing else?" interrupted the little man, turning so suddenly upon Habberton that the latter was nearly thrown off his feet. "Does the person who killed Alva Higgins say there was nothing else in the grip?"

"Oh, of course that person has not been questioned, because not found," answered the night clerk of The Imperial.

"Just so," smiled Patterson. "I would like to ask that person just one question. Who became of Old Higgs' marriage certificate?"

"Gee whiz!" cried Habberton, falling back. "You don't mean to say that he was married?"

A grim crossed the brownish face and for a moment disguised all the wrinkles.

"What would a man be doing with a marriage certificate if at one time he hadn't been joined in some woman in the holy bonds of matrimony?"

Mr. Habberton gave it up.

"Did—did you know that he carried such a paper?" stammered Joe, when he caught his breath.

"Did I my so? Come, I guess we'll go down."

As they left the room who should come out of the chamber nearly opposite but Ethel Parsons, who smiled patronizingly the moment she saw Habberton.

"Just a moment, my dear creature," she exclaimed. "I am going down to Portobello City this afternoon, and—"

Just then she caught sight of little Mr. Patterson, whose figure had been hidden by the night clerk's, and stopped as if a hand had been laid across her pretty mouth.

"This is Mr. Silas P. Patterson, of New York," said Joe. "He had a curiosity to see the room of the late tragedy, and—"

Mrs. Parsons made one of her bewitching bows, to which the little man replied with a slight inclination of his head.

"I'll see you, of course, before I leave town, Mr. Habberton," continued the dashing widow, as she whisked herself into her apartments and vanished.

"That's a devilish fine looker, eh?" said Patterson, as he and Habberton stepped into the elevator.

"I should say," answered the clerk. "She's a regular at The Imperial."

"Rich, I take it?"

"Decidedly so. The widow of a money king."

"Doesn't care to marry, I suppose?" and Patterson smoothed his sharp chin as the elevator shot down.

"Really, I haven't asked her yet; he, ha," said the night clerk.

"Why don't you? She's a catch. Better job than what you've got, my boy."

"Of course. Much fine speech terms. I've taken her out over some of the richest boleys in Powder."

"Keep it up. Faint heart never won fair lady," smiled Patterson. "Congratulate you in advance, so Habberton's the surprise, the little man seized his hand and shook it until he blushed.

As they emerged from the elevator, Catalano, the Italian, strolled up. Both men lighted a cigar.

"Anything new, Joe?" he asked the clerk, whose face was still a little red.

Patterson seemed just a little startled by the Italian's voice, and gave him a furtive glance, which was not perceived by that worthy.

Habberton replied by saying that if the questioner referred to the late tragedy there was absolutely nothing new. Catalano then went towards the elevator.

On the fourth floor Joe nearly ran into Mrs. Parsons, who had just come out of her room dressed for a journey. The woman stopped to let the Italian pass.

Catalano was certainly handsome, a perfect classic ideal of his race, and his figure was as sinewy as could be. His hair curled in little, shiny rings, and his hands were adorned with half a dozen rings of great value.

"I want my money," he said to Mrs. Parsons, as he looked sqyarely in the face of the dark eyes flashing up with a light that seemed to frighten her.

"I'll see you—to-morrow."

"I want it then. I will have it then, madam. The game is not square else. You know what!"

For half a second the pair stood in the corridor looking at one another, then Catalano stepped aside and the widow swept by with a look that got one like it in return.

She soon found herself in the "Ladies' Entrance," and had just pressed the button for a cab when Joe Habberton came up.

"So you're really going?" cried the night clerk.

"Certainly; business of importance takes me down to Portobello City, but I'll be back on the 5:30. You're not going to lose me, Joe."

No wonder the heart of the clerk almost leaped into his throat.

"Joe!

It was the first time she had ever called him thus, and he felt like then and there embracing her and covering her pretty face with the kisses of love. It told him that he had not played the game of love in vain, that he was the person who was yet to win the widow and her millions, and he thought that Mark Patterson's congratulations were indeed a prophecy.

He would have accompanied Mrs. Parsons to the station if Colonel Bell had not called him just at the moment, but he remained long enough to press her hand and wave her an affectionate good-by. He saw the cab whisk her away, and then went into the office like one walking on air.

"How could he wait till the fair one came back? He felt that the hours would feel like years, for, with her departure, Joe's interest had abated during the last few minutes, he would propose upon her return and settle the matter. He found the vice proprietor of The Imperial smoking in his private office, and he entered he was told to close the door tightly.

"I guess it need be no secret any longer, Joe, my boy," said the Colonel, taking the cigar from his mouth and blowing some fragrant smoke undisturbed. "I want you to be the first to congratulate me."

"Certainly, you do me a great honor, Colonel, and my congratulations you have in advance."

He thought so. Mrs. Parsons is devilishly sweet, eh, Joe?"

Her name seemed to strike Habberton at the heart and chill his blood. His hand trembled, and he let fall the cheap cigar which he stood.

"We're to be married, Joe; don't you think I'm lucky?"

Habberton tried to speak, but something stuck in his throat. He managed to speak again, but the horrid thing would not give up its secret. He only took a long breath and shivered.

"Why don't you congratulate me, boy? You'll not lose your place. I can't get along without you—"

"Colonel, Colonel," broke in Habberton. "You're not going to marry Ethel—Mrs. Parsons, I mean?"

"The Old Harry I'm not!" cried Colonel Bell, with a frown. "Why, what have you got to say about it? You haven't been making love to her, I hope?"

"Decidedly not, you had!" cried Habberton. "Well, if you've got the thing cinched, I suppose I've to step out."

"She's mine all to the marriage bonds, sir."

Poor Habberton's senses seemed to swim. All his idols fell at his feet, and for a moment the world was never born. Ethel to become the wife of Colonel Bell, the vice proprietor of The Imperial! And he was expected to remain in the hotel and see the woman he loved and lost love face to face? It was more than he could stand.

And what of the woman? Had she drawn him to this by her smiles and attentions? Was it only to play with Habberton, to throw him down the precipice of despair at her feet, and to dance him with all his hopes forever shattered? He walked from the Colonel's presence like a man in a mesmeric trance. It was first great blow to his life, to his ambitions. He would face the knight of industry and tell her what he thought of her duplicity. He would meet her upon Portobello City platform, and she should know that Joseph Habberton was a man whose affections could not be trifled with and carelessly cast aside.

Then there was the murder mystery of Room 88. Should he put Patterson, whom he believed to be a detective, in 86, and tell him what he suspected the dead man with the peaked face would bring some one connected with the hotel to the other world—he couldn't quite work it was.

The day waned and the 5:30 came up, but it still found Joe Habberton at his post, waited for her with feverish impatience, for he had grown to reason what he expected to say to her. There was to be no mincing of matters; she should be given to understand that a heart-breaker, she would have to explain her duplicity, and if she could not, then why Colonel Bell be, Habberton, would shake the dust of Powder from his feet and never look back.

Seven forty-five arrived and Joe had forget the fatal blandishments of a mere adventuress.

Then came he thought of going to Colonel Bell and telling him that he did not believe Mrs. Parsons was worthy of becoming his wife with much gusto. After all, Ethel would not take up with a man like Bell, old and wicked, a young husband, and not the blooted whisky-faced owner of The Imperial. But he had carried his courage to the idea of a break with his employer. He would not have it, he vowed, return.

The next day and the next failed to bring the woman back, and Habberton, the clerk of The Imperial who came up from Portobello City, said Mrs. Parsons' sister-in-law said he had not seen her down there, and that the woman expected that Colonel Bell would be his wife.

On the third night, about eleven o'clock, when the clerk was alone, he called the clerk made his way to the fourth floor and passed by Mrs. Parsons' door.

After seeing that the coast was clear he opened it with a duplicate key and entered. At first glance there was nothing to indicate flight, but the longer he looked about the room the more he noticed that many of the trinkets which the woman would have taken away with her if departure was to be come permanent, were missing, and Habberton was more than ever convinced.

As he was about to quit the room the door opened slowly and he turned to stand face to face with Patterson, the little man.

Habberton uttered a little cry and fell back, but Patterson stepped forward quickly and laid his hand on his arm.

"It's only a detective on a little on my own hook," said the small man. "This is Mrs. Parsons's room, eh?"

"I don't think she's given it up yet, though she hasn't returned from below."

"Exactly. You haven't popped the question yet, Mr. Habberton?"

Joe turned a trifle pale and then flushed deeply.

"No; I haven't, and, from what I've been told, I don't think I'd stand the ghost of a chance if I did."

"But you told me, you remember, that you had cut out some of the most fascinating fellows in town——"

"So I did, but, hang it all, there was one man I didn't count on."

"Ah! A dark horse, I see."

"An infernal old rascal, and I'll call him that to his face, too!" flushed Habberton.

"That's bad, my boy," grinned Patterson. "Cupid is a fickle fellow and plays some strange pranks when he takes a notion. I've seen it more than once in my life."

Habberton looked toward the window and said nothing.

"Joe," continued Patterson, "since we're both in this room, which until lately has been occupied by the dusky angel from everywhere——"

"From everywhere?" interrupted Habberton. "What do you mean? She told me that she was the widow of a mine magnate who conveniently died and left her a fortune."

"So he did die, but not until very lately."

"According to her story, he died more than three years ago and she's been all over the world."

The little guest of The Imperial fell back and leaning against the handsome dresser, burst into a musical laugh.

"Three years widow, eh?" he cried. "And you believed it, my boy? Of course. You loved her, were ready to fall down at her feet while she has trifled with your affections only to throw them upon some old moneyed specimen that left her to them in the least. But she has not been a widow a year."

"What's that?" cried the night clerk. "You don't mean to say that Mrs. Alva Patterson was a married woman all this time and that I have worshipped her because I thought her free? Why, not a year time? Not a widow over a week? I can't believe it. It seems a horrible dream to me—a nightmare, a——"

"Nightmare, eh?" laughed Mr. Habberton. Her husband died in this hotel on the night of the third——"

"Of Higgins, the money leech?"

"Exactly."

Habberton seemed to grip the back of the chair at which he stood and his face got as white as the bosom of his own shirt-front. He looked at Patterson, who was speaking with ease, and not like a man who had received a fatal blow.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Patterson, that Mrs. Higgins—she did marry—" gasped Joe, when he caught his breath.

"Why, certainly, dear boy. As they lived apart, they were not legally separated. Higgins did not know his wife was here when he was murdered, though he found it out immediately. She knew he was here when she left the cab stopped with him at the door. She went down to Portobello City the other day, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And you've been waiting feverishly for her return?"

"I have."

"Well, between you and I, Mr. Habberton, Ethel Higgins will not come back."

"Then the Colonel has won?"

"The Colonel, you say? Colonel Bell, I presume you mean."

The vice proprietor of The Imperial. He told me that he was to marry Mrs. Parsons, or Higgins, as she will call her, but, ha, ha! she's given him the slip, too. Well, I'll never again look at a woman. I'm done with the sex, Mr. Patterson."

"Not quite so fast. Don't think that because one has been fooled that all are like her. That's not the case, thank Heaven. There are a full quarter of them, among whom are your mother and my wife, Mr. Habberton, so don't be hasty."

The night clerk followed the little man from the room and he was led into 88. Then Patterson closed the door and turned to Joe and said:

"I have occupied this room the night of the murder, I believe?"

"You have true, for as I know. I did not send any guest to it. I put Higgins in the next room. Catalano, the Italian monte man, occupied it."

"Well, you had to break in the door of 88 when the murder was discovered. You discovered that no one could have entered by the door, which was bolted on the inside, and the windows were fastened in the same."

"That's just the way we found things," said Habberton.

"Now, look here," and Mr. Patterson pointed to the side of the room and pressed on the wall in a certain spot.

Immediately a slide began to rise, revealing a door. It was in fact a space large enough to admit of the passage of a person, and Habberton saw a man step into the tall dresser in Room 88 where Higgins had been murdered.

Habberton fell back and started at the secret opening in the wall, and the whole thing seemed to him like a devilish trick. He seemed to see it all. There was the man with the peaked face, who had entered 88 by means of the secret panel and then, closing the door, retired by the same path and leaving behind him no clew to his identity.

Patterson, the detective, did not break in upon Habberton's thoughts for some time. He seemed content to let him form his own opinion as he waited for him to speak.

"I see the whole damned thing!" cried the night clerk, as he turned at last upon the little man. "You have said that Mrs. Parsons was in reality Mrs. Higgins, you have asserted that she knew shortly after her husband's arrival that he was in the hotel; but how did she know anything about that secret panel?"

"Have I ever intimated that she killed Alva Higgins?" asked Patterson.

Habberton started. He had not thought of that before. He now thought so little of the woman who had deceived him that he stood willing to accuse her of anything. In his mind, after what he had heard, no one else had cause to kill Higgins, the money king, and he did not look further than the fate adored Ethel, now in his mind a murderess fleeing from justice.

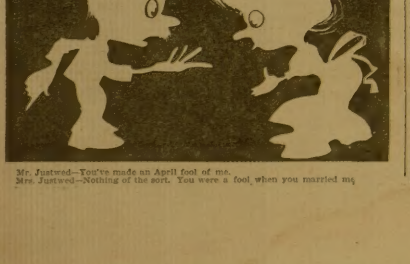
"I never said, never even thought to say, that she killed Old Higg," said the little detective.

"Her room is just across the hall."

"That is true. She probably held her door ajar when the boy brought Higgins to his room."

"I never asked the little fellow what he saw, if anything."

"Well, I have," said Patterson.



Mr. Justwed—You're made an April fool of me.
Mrs. Justwed—Nothing of the sort. You were a fool when you married me.

"And he saw her at the door?"

"No; he didn't see her; but he saw another face there."

"In Ethel's room?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated Habberton. "You can knock me down with a feather. I've seen Mrs. Parsons—I can't help calling her thus yet—talking to Catalano—"

"Yes; she had been investing all his monte bank, and, losing, had actually borrowed money from him. I've got at the bottom of a good many little things since I came to Preston. Higgins always carried in his pocket his marriage certificate. He was holding that over the head of his wife if she ever tried to set up any airs on her riches. Single she was the woman a good deal of money and she wanted that little paper, because, you see, if Higgins should drop off she could pose as his wife and get an enormous pile. It was a pretty game. There was a good deal to risk, you see, but she was willing to take the chances. Higgins was in poor health and didn't last know where his wife was, and it must have been fate that brought the two together at The Imperial."

"Of course it was fate. But, you say that Mrs. Higgins—I've got the name right now—didn't commit the murder?"

"There were signs of a struggle in the room over there. The detectives of Preston all say this. Still, Old Rigg is a veritable athlete, but he was conquered and killed. Now, a woman like his wife couldn't have done the deed; he could have choked her and thrown her across the room or out of the window. He threw the vent away without the marriage certificate."

"Without it," acted Joe.

"Yes; Old Rigg had hit it between the lindens. 'My wife, and I've got the paper that some one had stolen it.'

"I remember your remarks. Well, in the name of common sense, Habberton, if Ethel didn't kill her husband, who did?"

"Let's see."

Three minutes later Habberton and the little manager walked into Colonel Bell's private office and found that worthy behind a cloud of fragrant smoke.

He had just retired, though it was nearly midnight, and seemed to be having his last smoke under the wire.

"By the way, Colonel," said the detective, suavely, "haven't you lost something in it on the night of the third?"

"Sir?"

In an instant the ruddy face of Colonel Bell became pallid, and he stared at the speaker. There was the cool impossible he had ever seen at The Imperial.

"I mean that I've just been on the floor of 86 that night, or did you lose it in Mrs. Higgins' room the same night while you watched the bell boy bring up your victim to it?"

While he spoke Mark Patterson held up to the gaze of the two men a little diamond which Habberton had seen in a set in a watch fob.

The cigar dropped from Colonel Bell's hands; he reached to a drawer in his desk —reached with his teeth set firmly, while a hand of Patterson clasped on his wrist and a revolver looked him squarely in the face.

Habberton, standing on the street a few moments later, passed his hand over his heated face and looked at a group of men who were discussing the arrest of the proprietor of The Imperial for the murder of the late guest in 86.

And somewhere the woman in the case, the beauty who had drawn him to her feet, was flying from the scene of her guilt, and in the agony of his soul Habberton hoped she would finally escape.

In time spring gave the surrounding mountains their varied hues of flowers and grass, the clear streams, unlocked by the genial sunshine, once more rolled down the hills and lost themselves among scenes of exquisite beauty. A car shifted from the train at Preston and made his way up the main street.

At a certain corner he stopped and looked at a hotel just across the way. Its gilded lettering proclaimed that it was The National, and he was about to pass on when some one said:

"There's where the old Imperial stood, sir. It burned down last winter. They hung its proprietor for killing a guest to get his wife and a few millions, and—"

"What's that, sir?" Habberton, the night clerk!" asked the stranger.

They nay he went on in hunt of the woman in the case, but I don't know—"

"She's dead, too," quietly said the stranger, who was a little man, and as he passed on a singular smile came to his lips, and by it he knew undoubtedly like Mark Patterson, the detective.

(The end.)


## THE FATAL BLOW.

BY A BOOKWORM.

The name of Castlereagh is one of the proudest in the annals of English history, yet there is a tragic chapter, and a closing chapter, too, wherein we have depicted the fact that the passions, and the results to which they lead, are common to all classes of the social life, but are common to high and low alike.

In his old age the proud Lord Castlereagh espoused a beautiful lady, young enough to be his daughter, and whose extreme loveliness of person was the theme of her day. Though married to a man remarkable for attractiveness, and himself fully realising its power over both eye and heart, Lord Castlereagh continued to be a source of endless disquiet and misery to the proud old noble. He could not but realise the fact that she was the ingenuity of their union, and this soon inspired him with jealousy and suspicion, for though that these were of the most unjust character mattered not to him. The green eyed devil of jealousy reigned in his breast, and no reason could exercise the flend.

He felt a distrust of the fair, for he realized that no passion is more base or seeks more to hide itself. It is a contemptible vice which to acknowledge it even to ourselves—a passion which in its most silent moods, in its birth, or it will soon assume such strength and proportions as to be beyond control for itself. Lord Castlereagh thought it impossible that he could fix the attention and affection of his wife upon the person of Sir Charles, and could remain insensible to the attentions of younger men, so he took the unwelcome task of watching her.

Lady Castlereagh was a person of lofty character, great pride of birth, and, above all, incapable of premeditated wrong or falsehood, but she, like others before her, was trying one, for she could not be blind to the jealousy of her husband, however, however, was a source of intense disquiet to the husband, and he even went so far as to forbid her to receive him at all. This was an absurd prohibition which it was quite impossible for her to obey, and she gave her husband's account than on that of her own sense of propriety.

One evening after dinner, Sir Charles entering his wife's saloon, felt convinced that she had not been alone with him, and asked her in a most excited and angry manner if she had received any visitor during his absence, when she was the lady at his violent manner and the suddenness of the demand, that she forgot the entire truthfulness of her character, and resorted to falsehood.

It was a terrible mistake, for she had done nothing wrong. The lie was a fatal one.

"You are not alone here?" he reiterated, with his face flushed in anger.

"No one, my Lord."

"It is false!" he replied.

"My Lord!"

"I say it is false, as false as your own dark heart," he replied, hoarsely.

"My Lord!" she could only say, tremblingly.

"What is that?" he asked, as he pointed to a riding-whip lying upon the couch.

"A—a—" she hesitated.

"Enough; you need not add to the lie," he said, bitterly, as he seized the whip and examined it.

The lady stood with downcast eyes.

"Do you know these arms?" he asked, pointing to the golden ornament on the handle.

"Yes."

"Whose house do they represent?" he continued, though he knew very well.

"That of the Duke of Cambridge."

It was enough. His fury knew no bounds. He seized the riding-whip and gave his wife a blow across her shoulders with all the fury of anger hatred. The blow was really nothing in its physical effects, but it was fatal morally. Both wife and husband were surprised. It was the passionate act of a single instant, and as quickly regretted, and forgotten. It was ashamed of the manner in which he had given way to his unbridling jealousy. It was but the hand of a ruffian which had been lifted against the wife—it was the hand of the gentleman that had never raised and dropped that tiny instrument upon the floor.

"You struck me," was his wife.

"I did," he replied, with half-averted face.

"Good-day, my Lord!" she said, leaving the room.

He bowed his head thoughtfully, but did not answer her, and for some time until a servant came to announce his carriage, which had been ordered some hours before.

Lord Castlereagh drove at once to the Parliament House, as usual, took his seat, though several of his friends observed that he seemed quite absorbed and absent in his seat. He did not appear to notice what was going on about him, and failed to respond even to remarks which were addressed to him by passing friends. A violent invective launched against the ministry by one of the opposition members, found him, who was usually so prompt and fiery in debate, now silent and motionless.

"What is the matter?" asked one.

"His Lordship is ill," said another.

"He would otherwise never let such remarks by the opposition pass unanswered," said a third.

"He must be ill," said the first speaker.

He sat thus absorbed all through the debate, and made no signs of having heard a word of it. From the Parliament House he went to the royal levee, and there the strangeness of his conduct was also the cause of general remark, the cause being attributed to ill health. His wife, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have met him there, did not appear on this occasion, which was also the cause of particular remark, as Lady Castlereagh was a great favorite among the courtiers, and the first of the royal guests when present. Her brilliant and elegant person was ever the center of an admiring circle.

Her absence, therefore, taken in connection with the singular taciturnity of His Lordship, gave rise to many words of gossip, in which there was just a possible suggestion of the truth, though not in its worst form. A possible fit of jealousy was surmised, but its serious character was divined by no one, nor would any one have dared to address him upon so delicate a subject.

Lord Castlereagh did not remain long among the gay throng. Every note of music and every echo of gay laughter jarred upon his sensitive nerves with terrible discord. Excusing himself in due form to the hostess of the occasion, he took an early leave of the assembly hails.

Returning home, he sought the retirement of his private room, where his attendants heard him walking restlessly for an hour or more, until finally the door was locked on the inside, a signal which the servants construed to be a dismissal for the night attendance.

Here the old Lord was found on the following morning, dead.

His reason had become disordered by the bitter remorse for his ungentlemanly action toward his wife. That blow, though it felt but lightly upon her person, was a fatal one to him. He had struck a nobler, opened his jugular vein, and bled to death. A sad termination of an evenful life.


## She Would Not Tell a Lie.

Judge Grey of Delaware, who is now chairman of the commission appointed to arbitrate the troubles in the anthracite coal regions, related the following story on a train and sat behind a woman who had a little girl with her. The woman handed the conductor one ticket. The conductor looked critically at the girl and said:

"Pretty big girl to be traveling for nothing, isn't she?"

"Why, I don't understand. What—who—you know—" stammered the woman.

"Pretty big girl to be traveling for nothing," repeated the conductor, chillingly. "Where do you live?"

"Old? Who? You mean Julia?" asked the woman. "Why, she is four—" and her voice died away in a whisper. Evidently she didn't mean to fib outright if she could help it.

"How old, did you say, madam?" asked the conductor, with ice, his woman fidgeted and gulped and looked out of the window. And the most embarrassing silence the little girl piped up:

"I guess mamma's forgot what papa said half you. He said: 'For heaven's sake tell the conductor the child's only four and a half, and let it go at that.'"

The hard-hearted conductor had no further occasion to urge payment of fare.

## Point Overlooked.

Superintendent Smith of the Manhattan Elevated Road was showing a Western railroad man over the system the other day. When they came to the junction at Fifth avenue and Fifty-third street the Chicago man remarked, with evident astonishment:

"I don't see any derailing switches to prevent derailment."

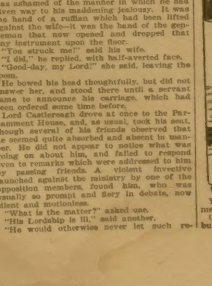
"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed the Manhattan man, "do you consider how far a derailed train would have to drop?"

## Condemnation.

"Was his speech good?"

"Not very. It wasn't even clever enough to cause anybody to suspect him of plagiarism."

## The Good-Natured Parent.



Young Snarl—Pa, Johnnie Sims called me April Fool.

Old Snarl—I always knew you was a fool, but I didn't know what kind.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I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

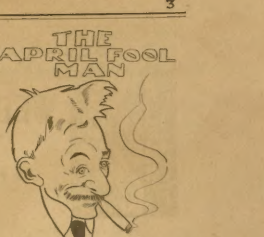
I have no samples. Any mere samples that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 956, Racine, Wis. Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.



## THE APRIL FOOL MAN



The worlds' record man is not he
Who fooled the fruit host in his glee,
Nor the man who thought it weren't loaded,
And hoked the barrel to see;
Nor the woman who lighted the fire
With the paper kerosene over;
But the all-round, full-size No. 10 ass
Is the frolicsome April-fool man.

The first does his work most completely,
Himself going down in the deal;
The second is almost as thorough
As verdict when jury can appeal.
The third cleans the deck up entirely,
Leaving nothing but ashes behind;
But the April-fool man is still with us,
A constant menace to mankind.

He delights in the heated horseshoe,
To blister an innocent hand,
And he's great on letters distressing
With false news of the death of a friend;
He's the one who wildly cries "Fire!"
After tying the bell cross the walk,
To cripple his friends and his neighbors,
Which he calls "a slight April-fool joke."

Let all men combine to destroy him,
By fair means or foul, if by none;
Our world o'er notice the action,
For the beast is but human in name.
He's an all-round mongrel in breed,
Part monkey, part hog, part screech owl,
Part sheep, part parrot, part fox.
Is the complex and multiform fool.

—Chicago Record-Herald.


## Vanity Rebuked.

In the cast of a new play about to be produced is a young actor who is extremely good looking, but who is so wanting of that fact himself as to often appear obnoxiously conceited to some of the members of the company and especially so to the stage manager, who has no great admiration for manly beauty. A few days ago when the latter was giving final directions concerning the costumes of the players the handsome actor stepped up to him, and, with a self-supporting smile, pointing to his own face, said:

"And what shall I do with this?"

"Change it," was the short reply of the manager.

## An Original Remedy.

Pat—Bedad! It's confusin' the way the doctors are advertisin' now.

Mike—Yis; they might at laste put signs up sayin' what strate it ain't.—Puck.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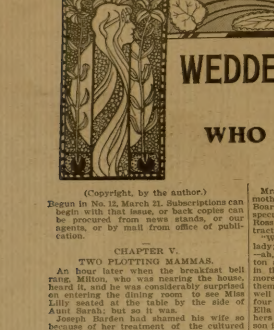

# WEDDED IN THE DARK

## Or A

# WHO WAS HIS BRIDE?

### By H. E. SCOTT

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### CHAPTER V.

TWO PLOTTING MAMMAS.

An hour later when the breakfast bell rang, Milton, who was nearing the house, heard it, and he was considerably surprised on entering the dining room to see Miss Lilly seated at the table by the side of Aunt Sarah; but so it was.

Joseph Barden had shamed his wife so because of her treatment of the cultured young girl, that she had said to Aunt Sarah: "Mrs. Woods, I have concluded that, as the young music teacher is so lady-like, perhaps it is well that she take her meals with the family. Will you please bring her down to breakfast with you?"

"Certainly, Celia," said Mrs. Woods, "that is as it should be." She knew, of course, that her brother had brought about the change in his wife's opinion.

The two young people bade each other good morning, as though they had not met at the summer house a short time previous, though the face of each became somewhat flushed as their eyes met.

"Were you not astir earlier than usual this morning, son?" asked the madam.

"Yes, mother," was the reply, "I awoke early and walked down to the lake."

"It has brought color to your face," said the father, "and I advise you to continue the operation. When I was your age, I was rarely in bed after six o'clock."

"I enjoyed it so much, father," said the young man, "that I shall quite certainly do so."

Lilly was busily engaged cutting a piece of steak, and no one observed that her face became redder than ever, but it did.

Now for the succeeding three months everything went on swimmingly with the young lady music teacher. Her pupils were advancing in a satisfactory manner, and, under the tutelage of skilled professors, she herself was fast advancing.

Come had become greatly attached to her, and even Agnes almost treated her as an equal, while she had been in the family of the thicker quite long enough to win her way with him. He could not have been kinder to his own daughter.

Milton had cultivated that habit of arising early with a result that there had been many meetings between the two young people in the summer house—and not only had Milton lost his heart in the fair Lilly, but he had won hers as well.

He had whispered words of love into ears at first unwilling to hear them, but later into those to which every sound of his voice had a charm.

They had been playing with edged tools. Milton had sat in the summer house with the young girl's hand in his, and told her that he loved her—that he would die without her.

"But Milton," she said, "you should not love me. Think of your mother's ambition for you. We can never wed."

"Wed!" The young man had scarcely thought that far. He only thought: "I love Lilly—I love Lilly."

"No, no, surely, we can never wed."

"Why, then, should you tell me that you love me?"

"Oh, Lilly, I don't know. I can't help it. You know I worship you; and if you but love me, Lilly—"

"If I but love you, Milton?"

"You do, Lilly, you do. I see it in your eyes."

"Oh, Milton, Milton! I wish I had never entered your home."

"Say not so, Lilly. My father married a penniless girl, and if you love me nothing shall part us."

"Your father may not have had an ambitious mother."

"Shall my mother's ambition wreck two lives? Never, Lilly. I cannot give up my love, even for her. Promise me, darling, that you will become my wife, and mine only."

Lilly had promised.

Now, the following day was the eighteenth birthday of Agnes, and on the evening of that day there was a grand entertainment given by Mrs. Barden in honor of the occasion in her parlors. Assembled there were many of the sons and daughters of aristocratic and wealthy people; among them being a daughter of Peter Rose, a millionaire speculator, whose family was reckoned as one of the most aristocratic.

Now, Madam Barden recognized the fact that eventually all the great wealth of the father would descend to his daughter; and she determined that Ella Rose would make a fitting bride for Milton. So early in the evening she had presented Miss Rose to Milton, while she devoted far more time to the young lady's mother than to any other matron present; and she spent much of it in extolling the admirable qualities and brilliant prospects of her son.

Now, Milton, as in duty bound, paid considerable attention to Miss Rose; and that young lady, who, in fact, was a charming girl, just from the Seminary, felt considerably flattered and exerted herself to appear to advantage.

Mrs. Barden, sitting by the side of the mother, while her husband was talking Board of Trade with a couple of wealthy speculators, remarked: "By the way, Mrs. Ross, which do you think the most attractive-looking young couple in the room?"

"Why, dear Mrs. Barden," replied that lady, "I had not noticed, but, really, really —ah, look! decidedly, I think your son Milton and Ella, as a couple, cast all others in the shade. Not that my daughter is more attractive than yours, but I think them the most attractive-looking couple. So well matched in size. Now, Milton is barely four inches the taller; he is a brunette; Ella a blonde. His eyes are black, while hers are blue, a very pretty contrast. Your son is educated. My daughter, as you know, is just from the Seminary. Oh, decidedly, they are an attractively-looking couple."

"And each will inherit millions," said Mrs. Barden.

"Certainly," Mrs. Ross said, "Ella will inherit all our wealth some day. Her father says she will be the wealthiest heiress in Chicago."

"My dear Mrs. Ross, what a wealthy couple they would make should their fortunes be joined."

"They would, indeed."

"And you know, Mrs. Ross, that in matters of young people marrying my idea is that the fitness of things should be looked into. The parents should select their children form desirable unions; or, at least, ensure that they do not marry beneath, or seem to be mutually attracted. Now, Mrs. Ross, I think I can safely assure you that your husband's integrity—"

"Thank you, Mrs. Barden, I feel extremely flattered, and assure you that your high opinion of me is duly reciprocated."

"That I am quite certain of; and now, why should we not encourage a union of our children? I think Milton would be supremely happy to greet Ella as my son's wife."

"My dear Mrs. Barden, nothing would delight me more than to see your son my daughter's husband."

"It affords me great pleasure to hear you say so. Then, Mrs. Ross, let you and I take this matter in hand, and bring the union about. Of course, the young ones are secret. You know young people do not like alliances arranged for them."

"I understand that, and I will join with you. There are a thousand things we can say and do to bring the matter about without the young people even suspecting."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Barden, in her room, thinking of the young man to whom she had given her heart, these two mothers should not be plotting over the fate of their idols.

Miss Ross was, of a truth, a very pleasant young lady, and she was being very agreeably entertained by young Milton; but neither of them had the most remote idea of falling in love with the other. The young lady had met a dozen young men like them at this time had a heart to lose.

Milton had met the young lady at young music teacher, and Ella Ross had vowed, come what would, that she would become the wife of a young law student in Rockford as soon as he had secured his diploma.

Now, he of whom the young law student was Philip Ray, the brother of the editor of the Rockford Star, and it was said that there was danger of the scheme laid by these two mothers coming to grief.

Joseph Barden felt that there was not a more handsome lady who more graced his parlors on this occasion than Miss Rose, the young music teacher; but he also knew that she was not to be thought of as a guest outside of this society boundary that there it must remain.

Neither she nor Agnes would have consented to have Come present as guests on an equal; and it was not until after the repast had been served—at which, by the way, Milton had been with the infinite pleasure of seeing their adored one seated side by side at the table—that the name of the music teacher was mentioned. Then it was Mrs. Barden about in the following manner:

"Miss Agnes and several other of the young ladies had, by request, been favoring the guests with an exhibition of their talent at the piano, and I am sure that present observed that Miss Barden had made great advancement since last she had heard her play."

"Your music teacher is responsible for our improvement," remarked Agnes.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Ross, "I have heard of her. Pray can you not induce her to give us some music, if she is in the house?"

"I hardly think—" began madam.

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Barden, seeing an opportunity to exhibit his favorite, and cutting off his wife's remark before she is very obliging and a perfect lady. Cora, will you request her?"

Cora, delighted, disappeared from the room.

Now, Ella Rose was aware that the young lady—a student to whom she was affianced had a sister perfecting herself in music in Chicago; but she was not aware that she was an inmate of the home of the Bardens. Great was her surprise, therefore, when ten minutes later the fair girl entered the parlor with Cora, to hear Mr. Barden, as he arose from his chair and advance toward her, exclaim: "Miss Ray, I thought you would favor us. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Ray, my daughter's instructress. Now you will learn why my daughter is progressing."

Lilly bowed, as she replied: "You flatter me, Mr. Barden. To their natural abilities is due their improvement."

Agnes and her mother could but be pleased with this statement.

Lilly advanced to the piano and seated herself.

Milton Barden was seated by the side of Miss Ross when she entered the room.

Their eyes met, and a pang passed through her heart. "How far away after all," she thought, "am I from the one I love. A servant, while the young lady by his side is a guest. Oh, it can never, never be. I have been foolish; but I do love Milton. I cannot give him up."

Now that Lilly was in the room, Milton Barden had eyes for no one else, and as she seated herself, he turned to his companion and said: "Miss Ross, pray excuse me, but Miss Ray will render one to turn the leaves of her music."

"Certainly, Mr. Barden," was the reply; "is she not a lovely girl? She looks enchanting, and I do not wonder. Pray go. Were I not a stranger to her, I would offer my services."

Milton's opinion of Miss Ella was greatly enhanced as he hastily arose and went to the side of Lilly.

"Permit me, Miss Ray," he said, "to turn your music."

The quiet "thank you, Mr. Barden," and the look that Lilly gave him, told him more that she was pleased, and he held his position as long as she was at the instrument, which was not long, as she rendered several selections, which were very enthusiastically received.

"He cannot be in love with that young lady," thought Lilly. "I leave her ride for me."

"Miss Ray," thought Miss Rose, "I wonder if it is possible that she can be Philip's sister. I must ascertain. She is a lovely girl, too, and would be admired in our society. It strikes me that Milton is unconsciously attracted by her. Why, his eyes sparkle as he gazes at her lovely face. I think I have that young man's secret. Wouldn't it be a joke if—but, pshaw! his mother would never listen to that. Well, I will keep my own counsel for the present. Before I will give up my Philip I will elope. It is getting very exciting."

Now, Madam Barden was very much pleased when her son left Miss Ella's side and joined the young music teacher, and she saw that Mrs. Ross was surprised at the change.

"My son seems to be quite condescending toward Miss Ray," she remarked. "He evidently has observed embarrassment on her part, and, as he is a member of the family, thinks to reassure her. I doubt not the daughter understands it."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Rose. "She does not look at all annoyed."

Nevertheless, the lady must felt relieved when Miss Ray had excused herself, and Milton had again joined Miss Ross. Shortly after, when the Rose family had taken their departure and Milton conducted Ella to her father's carriage, that the mothers' plans matters were progressing in the right direction.

"That Miss Ray is truly a charming young lady," said Milton to her companion.

"Where is she from?"

"I am glad you admire her," was Milton's reply. "She is from Rockford. She is left an orphan, and from Rockford, where she has been leading her."

"Ah," thought Miss Ross, "I was right in my conjecture. Milton is smitten. Love affairs is a prospect of lively times ahead, but, decidedly, by all I must be friends."

Milton felt his change in the carriage and reentered the house.

The guests took their departure, and as he was about to depart for his room, his father motioned him to a seat. "Milton, you were quite attentive to Miss Ross. Is she not a lovely girl?"

"I admire her much, mother."

"You know, my son, there will be no more wealthy in Chicago. I can, really, hardly see that she is attracted by you. Her father's fortune is enormous, and he looks to see her your bride."

The young man started as though he was shot. "My bride!" he exclaimed. "Why, mother, I never met her until tonight!"

"I am aware of that, my son, but you can win her, and, oh, you would make such a bright couple. Surely a charming couple. Promise me that you will try."

Milton did not love the young lady on the third floor, who already held his heart in chains. He thought of his mother's great ambition, and he had been his before he met Lilly Ray. "Which shall it be?" he thought. "love or ambition? Shall I be in aristocratic society and marry wealth?

"It is useless to speak of matters of that kind," he said, "but I am a great admirer of Miss Ross. Good night."

"Then he will love her, if he does not already," thought the madam, as he passed up the stairway, "at least her aristocratic bearing, her station and prospects will cause him to see the eligibility of the match. Oh, I feel that the union is assured. Now, if I can but see the girls' prospects half as bright I will be satisfied."

### CHAPTER VI.

TWO COUNTER PLOTTERS.

After they had arrived home from the entertainment given by Mrs. Barden in honor of her daughter's birthday, and as soon as Peter Ross had retired to his room, the madam turned to her daughter and spoke as follows:

"Ella, my child, I was much pleased at the attention paid you by Milton Barden. I can see that he is very much smitten by your charms. I congratulate you; nothing would afford me more pleasure than to see you his wife. I noticed that you were pleased with his attentions. I am happy in your prospects, my child."

"Why, mother, you don't——"

"I know, daughter, that he will inherit wealth, and that he holds a position in society. You have nothing to fear as far as your parents are concerned."

"But, mother!" exclaimed Ella, her face reddening. Suddenly she thought: "Why not let my mother indulge in her own ideas; she never in the world will consent to my becoming the wife of Philip."

"I see I confuse you, my child. Good night, dear," and she blushed to tell the tale. Love's young dream is not unpleasant; you have nothing to fear from your parents."

Now, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Barden had remarked to Mrs. Ross on the advisability of keeping their secret—for their children's union secret, for the reason that young people, as she stated, are adept to take to alliances formed by their parents, here these two mothers, within three hours after the conversation referred to, had each acquainted their daughters with the prospects of the union; the one to her and the other to her daughter; and that same night Milton Barden was brought to the attention of her husband.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Rose, "I am quite content that Ella should become the wife of young Barden. He is the son of Aristides. The family stands well, and the young man will probably inherit a fortune, as his father is extremely successful in business. The young man is all right; but his mother is a vain, foolish woman, with no real aristocratic society and wealth. She can see no real merit unless the person be backed by plenty of wealth. Now, it is the prospective wealth that Ella will inherit that causes her to seek our daughter's hand for her son; not for that she would see no charms in her.

"Milton is a fine young man. He has wealth enough to satisfy him. I have enough to satisfy any man; but, of course, would see our fortunes joined. Well, my advice is, just let the young people alone. If they take a notion to wed, it will be very good; but I shall not urge my daughter to become the wife of a man who is not her equal if he is worth a billion.

"I shall make no mistake," Mrs. Barden was keeping that young lady music teacher always in the capacity of a servant, for fear that she would get some notion into her head, and perhaps outshine her own daughters, for that her son would be smitten with her. She is a very handsome and talented young lady, too. By the way, I suppose Milton did seem to be fully as attentive to her as he did to Ella, while she was present in the parlor."

"Oh, he was in duty bound to do no less than he did. I felt sure that Milton's young man's heart is in Ella's keeping."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so. If he ever does, I shall not say nay, but refer him to my daughter."

Now, Joseph Barden had said to his wife, when she spoke of the matter to him: "Well, my dear, I felt sure that Milton was interested in who the girls marry than I am. I have no prejudice against a music teacher. Let the boy wed whom he will. I will not interfere, even if he marries the young music teacher."

"Joseph, are you crazy? Surely, you would never consent to the union of the son of Milton's leading a pauper to the altar."

"Pauper, indeed! Why, she has a fortune after having been so long under your tuition."

"I should hope not, when he can win Ella Ross and millions! Absurd!"

The two girls who, at the sun wedding Ella Ross had seized a firm hold of Celia Barden's hand, she having returned to the room, until the marriage was consummated, and, consequently she hoped to be the one on the young man the necessity of speedily urging his suit. She took her oldest daughter into confidence concerning all that had passed after the entertainment at her home before Agnes was summoned, having a desire to call on Miss Ross, and requested her daughter's accompany. She, of course, complied.

The word from Miss Ella followed, and in a marvelously short time the two girls were exchanging calls almost daily.

Again, with a view of constantly keeping together her brother and the fair Ella, Madam Barden had, by the assistment of her companion was. With a view of obtaining an interview with Lilly, as well as to have an understanding with Milton as soon as possible, for she felt certain that he had left the music teacher's name in either her hand.

One evening Ella had been prevailed on to remain at the Bardens to tea, and shortly afterward the ladies strolled out to the summer house to smoke a cigar.

Agnes and Ella, walking in the grounds before the house, approached, and Agnes invited them in.

The two girls were hardly seated when Agnes exclaimed: "I declare, I neglected to send a message to my dressmaker. Pray excertain Ella, brother, until my return."

"Certainly, I will try, sister, with pleasure."

Agnes hurried toward the house, leaving the two in the summer house.

"Mother," she said, when she had joined Mrs. Barden in the house, "I left them both in the summer house. What better opportunity could a young man have to plead for the heart of the girl he loves?"

"Truly, none, Agnes, you are a shrewd girl."

Lilly, from a window in her room, had seen Milton enter the summer house. She had wished that she dared join him; but as she could not, she sat watching the door when Agnes and Ella entered it. She sighed as she exclaimed, "What a distance separates us."

A moment later she saw Agnes walk hurriedly toward the house.

Lilly loved Milton with her whole soul. She could not see the forms within the summer house, but her heart became filled with a terrible fear. This young lady was both handsome and wealthy; she would steal away the heart of the man she loved. Poor Lilly, her form shook with emotion as she gazed from the window at the entrance of the summer house.

Pulling an hour dragged by, twilight deepened into darkness, yet still the couple remained in their retreat. It was now so dark that Lilly could not tell when they made their appearance, so, with her heart almost breaking, the young girl threw herself across her couch and buried her face in the pillow, sobbing: "Why, oh, why, did I allow myself to love Milton? I can never, never become his wife."

Meanwhile, let us play eavesdropper and listen to the words spoken in the summer house.

Agnes had not more than had time to reach the house than Ella, deciding that now was her opportunity, and throwing all reserve to the wind, which she thought she might well do, as she felt certain she was right in regard to the state of Milton's feelings toward herself and Lilly Ray, turning to Milton, said:

"Pray, Mr. Barden, tell me, has not Lilly Ray a brother residing law in Rockford?"

Milton started, surprised at the question. "Miss Ray a brother? Yes, certainly, or about my age, I think—Philip Ray. Why, have you met him?"

"We are to be friends, are we not? I mean I wish that we should be, and confidential ones."

"Permit me, Miss Ray," he said.

"Why, really, I hope so, Miss Ella. I should highly esteem your friendship."

"Then we must be candid, Mr. Barden. We may be of great aid to each other."

"I should be pleased to aid you, Miss Ella, in any way I can; but I do not think I understand?"

"Well, I hardly know how to get at what I wish to say, but we never are to be sweethearts, Mr. Barden, never—that comes first."

"Ah! Well, I—"

"Oh, I understand, Mr. Barden. You think me bold, but I shall improve my time; your sister may return. You know our mammas have concluded that we shall become man and wife."

Milton was paralyzed. Of course he knew that the two mammas had concluded, but he had not expected to hear from it from Ella.

"Ah!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, they always knew of that. Now, I like you very much, and I hope you like me; but there is a long way between liking as a friend and the love of one's heart's choice. You know that. I am engaged to be married to the choice—a noble young man who I know worships me, because he has told me so a thousand times, and I love him, although he has not a dollar in the world, just as dearly as you love Lilly Ray, the sweet girl that you left my side to turn the leaves of music for the first night I met you. Now, don't dissemble; let us be friends. We each need a confidential friend. Is it not so?"

"Why, Miss Ella! Lilly—Lilly Ray?"

"Yes; Lilly Ray. I know your mother will never consent, but neither will my parents in my own case. My mother desires me to try and captivate you. Your mother wishes you to offer your heart and hand to me; so, tell me. You do love Lilly Ray, it gives you my confidence."

"Miss Ella," said the young man, "I love you now, certain, and we will form a combination to defeat our mammas. Yes; I do love Lilly. My love is returned and she has promised to become my wife; now you also have my secret. We must be sworn friends."

"We will be, Milton. I shall call you Milton. You do not yet know to whom I am engaged. Are you curious on the subject?"

"I trust no one more worthy of you than I am, Ella. Lilly was not a coward, I would inform my father and mother tonight; but it would only result in Lilly's being sent from the house, and in a terrible time with my mother. She would never give her consent to my marrying a penniless girl and one without the pale of aristocratic society. Nor did I ever expect to, but, you see, having met Lilly, I have changed my mind."

"Of course; you love her and she loves you. Oh, they are the only truly happy marriages. Now, I wouldn't give up Philip though the Heavens should fall; but I expect I shall have to elope to become his wife. Won't it be jolly?"

"What, you elope, Miss Ella?"

"Why, certainly, but it will give up the one I love. My love would be frail if I would not."

"Philip, did you say?"

"Yah, yes; I had not told you. You see we must be friends. I shall become the wife of Philip Ray, Lilly's brother."

"Oh, Ella, Ella! you are a sweetheart worth having. With all the money you will inherit you will wed a young man without wealth, and for love."

"Oh, don't you see, I can afford to. After

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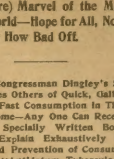

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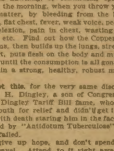


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## Selected Pleasantries.

The Reason Why—Dyer—Do the Smythes live within their income?

Sibyl—They don't live within it, yet they are spoken of as well-to-do.—Baltimore Herald.

A Hopeless Creditor.—Wigg—I feel that Borrowell owes me an apology.

Wagg—I wish that was all he owed me.—Philadelphia Record.

Bunco'd Again.—"I don't think much of this museum," said Haka. "Why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in, up to New York, has two."—Baltimore Herald.

The Advantage of Education.—She—I should like to know what good your college education did you?

He—Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it.—Life.

When Thus Estimated.—Pa, what's an illustrious man?

Son—I don't understand that she is no talker.—Boston Transcript.

Fits in the Family.—Dressmaker (standing off and admiring it)—What a beautiful fit!

Customer—Yes, and what a beautiful fit my husband will have when he sees the bill.—Chicago Tribune.

A Respect for Figures.—"What do you consider the most important branch of education?" "Arithmetic," answered Mr. Cumrox; "give a boy plenty of arithmetic. What blights the careers of so many young men is the failure to realize that you cannot subtract a $5,000 expense account from a $1,000 income."—Washington Star.

Flats for Married Folks.—The Bachelor—I wonder why these flats are not supplied with wiring water glass like the others?

The Benedict—They are probably intended for married men.

The Bachelor—Does that make a difference?

The Benedict—Yes; when a man is married his wife generally helps him in hot water.—Philadelphia Record.

## Items of Interest.

A French physiologist has discovered that nearly all criminals have large ears.

Smokeless powder thrown off a faint haze which is clearly discernible through violet glasses.

As babies are accustomed to rocking, they are not disturbed by the rocking of a ship, and therefore never become seasick.

German manufacturers made in this country 120,000 canary birds, 5,000 to France, 3,000 to England, and 2,000 to Russia.

In washing fine lines, starch should never be used. If it is to be stiffened slightly, a spoonful of sugar dissolved in a cup of water will serve the purpose.

Both engineers in France assert that bellooning is a cure for consumption. The patient has to make ascents at stated intervals, increasing or decreasing the altitude in accordance with his condition.

Among the articles comprising a bride's outfit in the Japanese island of Oshima is a big tub of drinking water. When the bride arrives in the island, and every prudent bride tries to do so, she finds a supply on hand.

Girls in Papua, or New Guinea, an island in the Pacific, have their noses re-shape. They bade force from to sleep in a little house on the topmost branches of a tall tree; then the ladder, by time has not come yet, and let them think that you and I are not at all averse to their ideas. Let things glide along for a time. Just wait until Philip has received his diploma and engaged in business, and then we will see. We will remove me from the field. Your mother will have to give up her project, and Philip, she can form another, you and Lilly follow the example set by Philip and me."

"Certainly not!"

"Why, you are sworn friends and confidants, Ella; but you must not let Agnes into the secret."

"Oh, no; I would not trust Agnes. You see, she has never been in love. She don't like Lilly, either, for that matter, but my mother. She left us here purposely to give us an opportunity to tell me how you loved me."

"I think we have checkmated them, Ella."

"Yes; and now let us go to the house together looking happy. I feel so and I am sure you should."

"I do; but I see consternation ahead in two households."

"Merely temporarily, and life and love last forever."

Arm in arm the two counter plotters proceeded to the house, which they entered with a thorough understanding with each other. And Madam Barden, when a half hour later Milton left the house with Miss Ella to accompany her home, smiled in contentment, as she thought: "My dearest wish is in a fair way of fulfilment. Doubtless they are already engaged."

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's issue of the Ledger. We are giving free patterns and free coupons to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## Fish Ejected by Volcanoes.

The stories of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes during the recent and the present West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of dead fish are reported to have been cast into the sea from the island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a correspondent, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the denizens of the lakes formed in the crater during the long periods of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that find access to it through subterranean channels.

When the volcano is aroused, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows out the crater, blows off the top and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surface.

## Into a Tunnel.

When Senator Depew was well under way with his anti-statehood speech the other day he encountered Senator Bates of Tennessee, who went off on an extended discussion of some topic suggested by what the New Yorker had said. Mr. Depew waited and waited, and at last sat down.

The president of the New York Central," suggested a facetious Senator, in an undertone, "has run into a dark tunnel."

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An ounce of happiness is worth more than a ton of hard coal.

Experience is a great teacher, but her tuition fees are exorbitant.

There was great applause when Congress adjourned. Now, why was that?

Evidently those West Virginia judges had not entered the possibilities of the injunction, after all.

"Jim" Hill has gone to Europe. Out of consideration for him, all panics should be postponed until his return.

Under some conditions a man can make more noise in the world by keeping his mouth shut than in any other way.

A street railroad in Argentine runs sleeping cars over its line. The idea is said to have been imported from Philadelphia.

Congress appropriated money for more battleships, but Admiral Crowninshield has quit the navy, so we are right where we were before.

Considering the fact that this Congress spent more than $1,554,100,000 it is interesting to recall that only a few years ago a "billion-dollar" Congress was a red-hot campaign issue.

When President Roosevelt visits the Rocky Mountains this spring he has expressed the desire to climb Mount Shasta, the giant of the Siskiyous, which towers 14,439 feet above sea level.

Now the president of the Wabash Railroad announces that he will not consent to arbitration. How about this? If the workingmen may neither strike nor arbitrate, what can they do? Is not the acceptance of arbitration a necessary corollary of any plan of preventing strikes by compulsion?

Lillian Russell's 16-year-old daughter, Lillian Russell Solomon, is now in Paris preparing for a stage career. Lillian II. is said to be even prettier than her mother at the same age. She is possessed of a fine soprano voice and dramatic talent of a high order. She may be seen on the professional stage next season.

# HAND AND CORD

## Or, THE RAJAH'S TREASURE.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 11, March 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

THE THUGS AND THE JEWELS.

My first impulse after seeing the dark-skinned man whom I had thrust against the wall in the library of Castle Pate was to hold him there till his infamous life oozed out at my fingers' ends, for I felt that he had entered the Castle for the purpose of strangling Clarice with the cord of his master.

I only wished that he was Nana Sahib, and, had he been, the remonstrance of Sir Roger, which declared that the Sahib was 16 die by his hand, would not have saved him for the torture.

No; I would have killed the Hindoo then and there, but the hand of Sir Roger gripped my arm and I heard him say in tones of imperative command:

"Let him go, boy. Let him tell who sent him to Castle Pate and for what purpose."

"He came to kill," said Clarice, speaking for the first time, and that the pain in the room and found me alone, and but for the dagger I took he would have accomplished his purpose."

So thought we all.

I released the fellow who looked sullenly at us and then threw a swift glance toward the door, but I had already placed himself in front of it.

The snaky orbs of the Hindoo seemed to freeze one's blood. They glared at us from their depths and his face was like a mask. Clarice and regarded her in deadly silence. I knew that he regretted his failure, for every look showed this and I thought that his lips would not open when questioned.

We thrust the Hindoo down into a chair underneath the chandelier and formed a cordon around him. He looked up into our faces, but maintained the same sullen silence.

"Who sent you on your mission?" asked Sir Roger.

The dark lips did not part, only the eyes got a fiercer gleam.

"You came from your royal master—from the Nana?"

The same provoking silence was the only answer.

"You came to log off another limb from the parent tree. Why didn't your master save?"

I could have thrown myself again upon the silent man in the chair from whose hand still dangled the cord of the thug.

"Very well. We will send you back to your master," continued Sir Roger, "but first you shall see something. Blindfold him, Clifford."

I took my handkerchief and tied it about the Hindoo's face, completely covering his eyes. He did not resist, but took it all in silence as he had taken our questions.

"Watch the Thug, Clarice," said the old baronet. "Clifford, Mr. Dayne, and I will take care of this man."

We tied the Hindoo's arms behind him and marched him away preceded by Sir Roger.

I thought we were going to the Jewel chamber and could hardly begin to see why Temple had spared the life of the assassin.

Down the darksome corridors we proceeded, a light carried by Aubrey Dayne revealing our pathway, and at last we reached the door of the treasure house.

Sir Roger unlocked it and threw it open.

We saw him open the little portal that concealed the Rajah's jewels for a few moments he busied himself in taking them out and laying them on a little rug which he had brought with him. The excitement that leaped into Aubrey's eyes and face was almost overpowering as he watched the proceedings. Once he looked at me in silent questioning, but I spoke.

When Sir Roger had finished his duty he turned to us and bade us lead our prisoner forward.

"Take off the blind," said he.

In another moment the handkerchief was removed and as it dropped from the thug's eyes his gaze almost instantly fell upon the rug and its burden.

We watched him eagerly to catch his emotions, but to our surprise he betrayed none. He only looked down and studied the vast array of riches that lay at his feet. The gems flashed in the light, the necklaces, each of which might have been a monarch's ransom, scintillated till they seemed to blind our own eyes. Did the prisoner recognize the jewels? Perhaps he had seen them in his master's possession, perhaps had guarded them in the jungles of India whither the Nana had fled after his overthrow. At any rate we seemed to believe that he had seen the gems before.

For five minutes Sir Roger let him contemplate the hoard in silence, then he stepped forward and touched the Hindoo's arm.

"Your master's gems," said he. "You will tell him where they are?"

We thought we detected a slight nod on the Hindoo's part. But it was so very slight that it would have required a sharp eye to notice it.

"Tell him that Sir Roger Temple has his jewels. Tell Nana Sahib, the incarnation of cruelty and murder, that his treasure lies buried in Castle Pate. Say to him that I am the man who robbed him in the heart of Nepaul, that I am the man who years ago followed him through the jungles, and, despite his guards and his shrewdness, plundered the master plunderer of the East. Every jewel I took then is here. Since then they have adorned the neck of no one. Tell him if he wants his treasure to come and get it!"

Then Sir Roger gathered up the collection and returned it to the hidden niche in the wall. The bendy eyes of the Hindoo followed him and never left him until he had locked up the treasure and had turned.

"Promise me that you will tell your master," said Sir Roger. "Say that you will acquaint Nana Sahib with what you have seen and you are free."

Then for the first time the dark lips parted.

"He shall know and woe to the soldier-robber!"

"That's good! That's just what I want to hear," cried the old baronet. "Now, my man, you are free; but let me warn you. Keep your cord from the neck of my child and you live. Attempt her life again, and we will tear you to pieces; we will hang you from the mouth of a gun like we blew your compatriots at Cawnpore!"

I thought I saw a shudder pass over the man. The fire closed in themselves. The little eyes seemed to sink deeper into the little head, and while they glistened there we turned back.

In the library again Sir Roger gave order that the thug be set free. The man did not know at first how to take his new-found liberty. He looked at all of us for a moment and then with a slight cry bounded from the room and was gone.

For a little while we stood and looked at one another in silence.

The feet of the Hindoo gave out no sounds on the porch as he crossed it. We felt that he was already on his way to London.

Clarice did not ask what we had done. The secret of the jewels was one she did not share with her father. She only wondered, but I could see by her eyes, but she was too dutiful a child to question us.

Aubrey Dayne and I shared the same room. It was late when we all retired, come to sleep, others no doubt to remain awake the remainder of the night to think and plan.

The following day Dayne and I mounted, rode down to Beachy Head.

I had told him about the view from the cliffs and he evinced a desire to enjoy it. I suggested that we ride thither, as the day promised to be one of beauty. Clarice would have gone along but for a headache, and so Aubrey and I rode alone.

It was a fine ride. Some miles from the castle, Aubrey Dayne, who had been silent for some time, leaned toward me and laid his hand on my arm.

"Harlow," said he, "I must confess."

"You confess?" cried I, looking at him surprisedly. "What sort of confession have you to make?"

"She is beautiful—the most engaging woman I have ever seen—and I cannot love her."

My heart went at a bound into my throat and I looked at Aubrey like a person thrown suddenly into a mighty maze.

CHAPTER X.

AUBREY DAYNE'S CONFESSION.

Aubrey Dayne must have noticed the surprise that filled my eyes and quivered every nerve.

I saw him regarding me with a fixed look and for a moment I could not find the words to ask him for an explanation of his startling sentence.

"You cannot love a girl like Clarice?" I

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Don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 281 Kellogg Building, Battle Creek, Michigan, for a free trial package of a treatment that will reduce your weight to normal without diet or drugs. The treatment is harmless, and will not cause wrinkles. It takes off the fat stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

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Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It has system of secret sign writing and numbers, which, if you have the Weto Graph you can easily read, and without the Weto Graph, the information you do not want anyone to find out. Send for free booklet telling all about it. Let us tell you what it will do for you and how much it will cost. Find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send for free booklet at once and the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address FRENCH-KLEISER CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

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BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE YOU AND MONEY

It takes but few hours to learn the secret of Hypnotism. The study is fascinating and highly entertaining. Any one can learn it. Will make you a good living. Tells you if you know how to hypnotize you. Gives you the secret of hypnotizing. Tells how to do it. You can do a thousand amazing things. Tells how to make a subject obey your every command. How to make yourself famous. You can place a subject in a trance under the influence of which you can compel them to think, act, or do anything you wish. Tells how to overcome nervousness, bad habits, and how to strengthen your will power by giving entertainments. Tells how to cure yourself of any habit you may have. Tells you all the ways to win a fortune. Why be poor? Why work for others when you can be your own master? Why be a slave to circumstances? You can learn at home without loss of time. Don't send us a penny. Send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you free by return mail, postage paid, our big illustrated book, containing many pictures, and full explanations. Don't delay a moment, but write at once. Address PROF. L. A. BARNARDE, Dept. 42, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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No tailor-made clothing, we will make for a short time only an up-to-date "suit" measure by measure, for only $10, and cover you the following complete Outfit FREE. Actual $30 value for $10, and you don't pay for it, only as you need the cash:

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

cried at last. "I am amazed, Mr. Dayne. You know she belongs to you."

"I know; she is mine for the asking. Nay, I do not even have to ask for her."

"That is true."

"She has been mine for years—from the days of our childhood. I used to live in hopes of being the son-in-law of my father's friend and companion. It has been my dream and uppermost in my waking thoughts. Clarice would make any man a wifely queen. She is lovable, handsome and pure. Never saw I such a beauty as last night when she faced that Hindoo with the dagger. She was more like a queen of tragedy than the inmate of an old Castle. She reminded me of Boadicea, the beautiful queen of the ancient Britons. Gods! What a wife a man will find in her!"

I scarcely seemed to breathe as he pronounced this eulogium upon the woman I worshipped.

What was he driving at?

"Then, for God's sake, tell me why you can marry one love and yet desire another."

He looked ahead of him for a little while and I did not interrupt his thoughts.

"Balfour, when I penned the letter I sent just before sailing for New York, I was in a state bordering on distraction," said he, at last, but in lowered tones. "I had just had a quarrel with the woman I love intensely. I turned to Clarice for revenge. I thought I would come over and claim her. That would prove a dart in Alice's heart. That would make the victor and show Miss American beauty that the love of Aubrey Dayne is not to be trifled with. But I was in the wrong mood. The more I think of my position the more I can see that I have wronged the woman who truly loves me. You understand now, I trust, Balfour."

"Then," cried I eagerly, "you will not demand the hand of Clarice?"

"I cannot."

I could have thrown myself upon Aubrey Dayne and embraced him in the happy excitement of the moment.

He was calm, I was all nerves, and each one at its utmost tension.

"I will not stand between you and the fulfilling of the compact," said I. "Sir Roger shall not find me a stumbling block in his way. I have already stepped aside."

"You love Clarice?"

"As I love my life, but she belongs to you, Aubrey Dayne."

"And here and forever I give her up to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, to you, Clifford Balfour. Protect her; save her from the cord of the stranger; stand between her and the hands of this infamous wretch who has come to England to slay like he slew in his own dark land."

"I will. I will defend Clarice with my life."

"But not a word of this to her," he said, looking sagah at me. "I request silence until I give you liberty to speak."

"I will keep silence, but, Aubrey Dayne, you have turned me back into the gardens of paradise."

"I am glad of it, Clifford. It does me good to see that smile on your face. I feel as though we have been friends from early childhood. Clarice is yours, and may Heaven save her from the vengeance of the master!"

For a little while we rode on in silence and at last reached the summit of Beachy Head.

Far away spread the wildness of the Channel. A new life glow that came to my companion's cheeks while he gazed on the scene told the animation of a boy. I felt that he was thinking of the woman he loved in America, and I, as a dwelling on his last words in which he had surrendered all his claims upon the hand of Clarice Temple.

"I feel like another man since my confession," he said, turning to me with a smile. "I have got back mind and up with mine. I have wronged her and any honest man will rise a wrong. I will write her tonight. I will tell her all and ask her forgiveness, and she will forgive, dear girl that she is."

I wished him success in righting what he had called a wrong. I hoped that Alice would make him a loving wife, and for a moment my own young men stood on the rock with clasped hands while the strong wind blew against our flushed and happy faces.

I think both of us rode back from Beachy Head in the happiest mortals in the world. But over all hung the cloud of sudden death; the hand of Nana Sahib hovered like the sword of Damocles over the turrets of Castle Fate.

It was getting late when we reached the Castle, and on meeting Sir Roger a letter was placed in my hands.

"Read it, boy," said the old baronet.

I did so and found it to be from Mowbray, the soldier whom I had encountered in London. The little man had written saying that he had met me and that he had new proofs of Nana Sahib's presence in the city and town.

The Hindoo had not come to England alone. Mowbray said he has brought with him at least a dozen thugs, men sworn before the gods of the East to do his bidding. He was saying that he was keeping an eye on the demon of Cawnpore, that as long as that fiend was within accounts with him, and he did the work of the greatest monster that ever cursed it.

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## FOOLED THE HOSPITAL.

### Was Pronounced Incurable But Got Well On Pure Food.

Sometimes in a case of disease resulting from the use of improper food the symptoms are so complex that medical science cannot find the seat of trouble, and even the most careful hospital treatment fails to benefit. A gentleman of Lee, Mass., says: "On April 1st, 1900, I was sent home by one of our Massachusetts hospitals, saying nothing more could be done for me. I have been a great sufferer from nervous diseases and rheumatism and nervous prostration and had previously been treated at Sharon Springs and by a number of doctors without getting much assistance.

"One day I was feeling worse than usual when I read an article about your Grape-Nuts that impressed me so that I sent out for a package. I commenced using it at breakfast the next day.

"For fifteen months I never missed one day. If you ever saw anyone grow strong and improve it was I. I gained from 125 pounds to my old weight, 185. I will always be a cripple from rheumatism but otherwise I am so much improved that I now feel as well as any man in this country." Name furnished by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts that will interest the housekeeper.

### Angel Raiment.

Tess—She's sorry enough that she married him, I'll wager.

Jess—The idea! How can you say that? He thinks her a perfect angel and treats her—

Tess—As though she really were one. He doesn't buy her anything to wear.

### She Knew.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well?" said the teacher, encouragingly. "Father cat, mother cat and three little kittens."

### French Lick and West Baden Springs

In the Indiana Highlands, on the Monon Route, excel all other mineral springs in America in the treatment of all blood diseases, cutaneous affections, dyspepsia, alcoholism, etc. Send for booklet. Two trains daily from Chicago. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

### Subtle.

Mrs. Bragg—I gave quite a nice little luncheon the other day. Didn't she tell you?

Mrs. Sly—No.

Mrs. Bragg—Strange! Why, she was one of my guests.

Mrs. Sly—Yes; she told me that.

### The Only Way.

Dorothy—Aunt Jo, what is the best way to tell a gentleman's fortune?

Aunt Jo—Look him up in Bradstreet's. If he isn't there, his fortune's not worth telling.

### Northern Wisconsin Resources.

Northern Wisconsin offers the finest opportunities for manufacturing and settlement. Fine grazing lands, hardwood timber and splendid soil for the settler; iron ore, clay, marl and kaolin for the manufacturer, are awaiting those who seek the opportunity. Transportation facilities are of the best. Interesting booklets, maps, etc., are free for the asking. W. H. Killen, Land and Industrial Commissioner; James C. Pond, Gen. Pass. Agent, Wisconsin Central Ry., Milwaukee, Wis.

### Not Superstitious.

"I am afraid you are superstitious."

"Deed, I isn't," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "some folks is a-skyhat of ghosses an' all kin' o' critters; but as long as I has a rabbit's paw in my pocket I feels pufficky safe."

### Inflexible.

"I'll never speak to them again!"

"Oh, you shouldn't get as cross as that, Fidelio!"

"No; I won't speak to them again, and I'll tell them so every time I see them!"—Puck.

**Pile and Fistula Cure.**

Sample treatment Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure, and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. Ria Co., Dept. 8, Minneapolis, Minn.

### No Wish to Intrude.

"I'm suspicious of that man," said the new elevator boy. "When he comes here he sneaks in as if he was afraid somebody would see him."

"He is," said the janitor. "He's the man that owns the building."

**A Rupture Cure Discovered.**

Ex-Alderman Alex. Speirs, Box A, Westbrook, Me., one of his city's largest tax payers. The U. S. Government has granted him a patent on a wonderful invention. It cures rupture. He will send it on trial by mail postpaid. All of our readers who are ruptured should get one.

### Hymen's Triumph.

Mandy—Wus there many people there?

Zeke—Church was plum full. Jerushy and Hank walked up the aisle holdin' hands and lookin' purty as a picter, while the organ played Meddlesome's weddin' march.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

### Her Ideal.

She—Gertrude says she will never marry until she finds her ideal.

He—What is her ideal?

She—Oh, any man who will ask her.

# SOME JOKES

### Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Don't confound gravity with dignity. Gravity may be nothing more than weakness; dignity is always power.

Treat the world as tho' they was all phools, and yu will wrong but fu' or them.

The most debauched ov all the hipokrits is the one who has sukceeded in cheating himself.

The fatality ov gambling may be explained bi the fakt that men seldom git beat on a poor hand.

The chastity ov woman is the salvashun ov the world.

The best test ov civilizashun is the politeness ov the people. Politeness may not be one ov the virtues, but it is godfather to the whole ov them.

Life is a konundrum, deth the solution.

It takes 4 times as manny laws to govern a civilized people as it dus the heathen.

Precept is the text ov life—example is the sermon.

Those who are the quickest to see the weak side ov a thing are equally quick to see the strength ov it.

The fewer laws a people hav the more likely they are to be executed. A multiplicity ov laws is like loaded carbines, without enny fuse to them.

The man who spends all his energy trieing to reach perfekshun will fail at last, and in the meantime miss a grate menny second-rate privileges.

I have herd conversashuns so derned stupid when to be silent was to be eloquent.

### To Vain Roses and Ladies.

O, roses and ye pretty, pretty ladies!
Of all your sweets you must not be too proud;
Thousands of ye just as dear
In the spring of every year
Are budding in a fair and fragrant crowd,

O, ladies and ye pretty, pretty roses,
Whom the winds sigh ever to caress!
If ye love yourselves, beware—
For it would be only fair
If your lovers loved ye just a little less.
—Puck.

### Two Ways.

When Love's young dream was fresh and bright
And life in all its glory,
He told to her one fateful day
The same old, simple story.

And now, when homeward he returns,
With dawn in all its glory,
He tells unto his waiting wife
The same old, simple story.

### Successful.

"Didn't you ever attempt to lay down the law in your own home?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Meekton, "and with entire success. I gave instructions to the family and to the servants that Henrietta was to have her own way in every particular, and Henrietta sees to it that my instructions are implicitly carried out."

### A Strong Hint.

Hardupp—Say, old man, I believe I owe you an apology.

Freeman—Well, I've heard it called a V, a fiver, a finut plunks and five bones, but never an apology before.

He—I think I saw your new automobile this morning. Has it got a big tank on it?
She—It may have had. My husband has been riding in it all day.

### Effacement.

Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible.

Gyer—Pshaw! That's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day.

Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it?

Gyer—By marrying famous women.

### Becoming Known.

"That's the celebrated Count de Silverspoons."

"What is he celebrated for? I never heard of him before."

"Oh, but he really is a celebrity now. He's the fellow the rich young American heiress, Miss Mayda Munnelgh, is going to marry."

### THE REAL THING.

"But, papa," argued the fair young damsel, "I cannot see why you object so strenuously to Henry. Why, he is one of nature's noblemen!"

"I guess he is," agreed the wise father, "He hasn't any sense, and he owes every tradesman in the city."

### Still Young.

"This author doesn't seem to have made his mark as yet."

"What makes you think that?"

"The picture doesn't show him with an elbow on his desk and resting his brow upon his hand, with a faraway, thoughtful look in his eyes."

### Inexcusable Ignorance.

"What did you get at de farm house?"

"Nuffin' but an insult."

"An insult?"

"Yes; de farmer's wife didn't know no more 'bout de etiket of de table den to offer me breakfast food at t'ree o'clock in de afternoon!"

### Drake's Palmetto Wine

Is free to subscribers or readers of the Chicago Ledger who are distressed by stomach troubles or tortured and poisoned by constipation or in danger with kidney and liver congestion or disease.

If you care to be cured of indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence, catarrh of stomach and bowels, constipation, or torpid and congested liver; if you wish to be sure that your kidneys are free from disease, and are doing their necessary work thoroughly; if you expect to be free from catarrh, rheumatism and backache; if you desire a full supply of pure, rich blood, a healthy tissue and a perfect skin, write at once for a free bottle of this remedy, and prove for yourself, without expense to you, that these ailments are relieved immediately, cured quickly, thoroughly and permanently with only one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine.

Any reader of the Chicago Ledger may have a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine sent free and prepaid by writing to Drake Formula Company, 100 Lake street, Chicago, Ill. A letter or postal card is the only expense.

### Foresighted.

The Cook—Would ye mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?

The Mistress—Why, you have only just come.

The Cook—But ye may not want to give me was when I do be leaving.—Life.

### The Mexican Central Railway

Passes through fifteen of the States of the Mexican Republic. The largest Cities and most fertile agricultural regions are directly reached by it or immediately tributary to it. It connects the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the slopes of the Pacific. It traverses the Great Central Plateau. The only standard gauge line connecting the City of Mexico with the United States. Through Pullman Buffet sleeping cars run daily between St. Louis, Mo., and the City of Mexico. No change at the border. Agencies in the principal cities of Europe and the United States. For further information call on or address C. R. Hudson, Traffic Manager, City of Mexico; W. D. Murdock, General Passenger Agent, Mexico City; T. B. Ryan, General Agent, 825 Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

# AND JOLLITY

### Should Respond.

Mrs. Huskinby (with letter from son at college)—Jason says that he hates to trouble us ag'in, but he must have twenty dollars more tew buy more books.

Mr. Huskinby—Wa-al, by gum! I'm a-goin' tew write a letter tew Andrew Carnegie. If this ain't an deservin' a case for a free lib'ry as he ever heerd tell uv, then I ain't no student uv addication.

### When He Decided.

Edith—You know that new horse papa named after you? Well, he's proved to be quite worthless, and papa is going to shoot him.

Ferdy—Indeed! But I didn't know he named him for me.

Edith—Well, he didn't till he decided to shoot him.

### The Art of War.

Friendly Critic—What an exquisite pastoral scene!

Artist—Pastoral scene? That's a modern battlefield.

Friendly Critic—But I don't see any.

Artist—Of course you don't. What with smokeless powder and khaki, no one sees any!

### The Season's Change.

When Winter passes out,
Comes Spring with all her grace;
The snowball has to go,
The mothball takes its place.

—Puck.

### Pin Money.

"All I want is a little pin money," said young Mrs. Dashington.

"I know it, my dear," answered her husband; "but you don't use anything but diamond pins!"

### In Darwin Times.

The Prehistoric Monkey—What makes Jim Pansy so stuck up?

His Neighbor—He says his descendants are going to cross over on the "Mayflower."

### Reflections.

This world is like a looking-glass
Wherein one oft beholds his face;
It frowns on those who grimly pass,
But answers smiles with jovial grace.

### Milady's Lent.

Now Mr. World and Mr. Flesh
And Mr. Devil call.
It takes her forty days to dress
And then she sees them all.

### Elongated Sweetness.

Ethel—A sixteen-page letter from George! Why, what on earth does he say?

Mabel—He says he loves me.

### In Confidence.

"You see, I fell from a car and I didn't know, at first, how much I was hurt."

"No?"

"No; in fact, not until after I had seen my lawyer."

### For Pity's Sake.

"He kissed me when he called last week," Said Miss Ann Teek, as o'er her cheek
The crimson blushes started.
"That's so like Ned," Miss Pepprey said,
"He always was kind-hearted."

### The Wrong Side.

"It don't seem to make any impression on your father, Maude. And I've done my best to get on his right side."

"Try his left side, George. He hears better on that side."

### No Lie.

"I don't think it's a nice thing to say of Mrs. Odsent that she got her husband at a bargain counter."

"Oh, but it's true. He was the young man that saved her life in a crush at a glove sale at Spotcash's one day."

### A Case of Delicacy.

Mistress—So you want me to read this love letter to you?

Maid—If you please, ma'am. And I've brought ye some cotton-wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye read it!

### Possessed.

Father—I wonder what's the matter with Nellie this morning. She acts like one possessed.

Mother—She probably is. I noticed a new ring on her finger when she came down stairs.

### No Other Way.

He—I've been reading about a man whose living expenses are only ten cents a day. I wonder how he manages?

She—Oh, I suppose he gets a free sample package of every new kind of breakfast food.

### Suspicious.

Knicker—Why didn't you buy that farm?

Bocker—I was afraid it wasn't genuine; there wasn't any mortgage on it.

## JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS.

The Bride—George and I have told each other everything.
Ethel—And did George tell you I refused him?
The Bride—Oh, no; we agreed not to confess anything unpleasant.

### A Home-Made Gift.

Over what he should send to her wedding
The bidden guest ponders and frets,
And, further expenditure dreading,
He finally sends—his regrets.

—Philadelphia Press.

### The Limit.

Visitor—Is Mrs. White at home?

Nora (who has been posted)—For this wan time she ain't; but she'll take me if I say that ag'in fur her or enny other livin' sowl."—New York Times.

### A Pleasant Prospect.

Mrs. Crawford—She married a carpenter.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Isn't that just lovely! Now she can have shelves put up wherever she wishes, without having to ask the landlord over and over.—Puck.

### Past, Not Present.

The Comedian—She may not know much about acting, but at any rate she has a fine presence.

The Boulevrette—Presence? Say, it's her past that got her the job.

### A Preference in Colors.

The world is covered o'er with white
To make a winter scene;
Although to kick is impolite,
I'd rather have it green.

### Spring.

Now the happy season cometh
When we do not cure a pin.
If the ice is in the ice chest
Or the coal is in the bin.

### Debt.

"Debt," remarked the frugal man, "is a terrible thing."

"It is," answered the old citizen. "Nothing annoys me more than debts."

"I didn't know you owed anything."

"I don't. I refer to what other people owe me."

### More Delightful.

Nell—There is nothing more delightful than the knowledge that a man is in love with you.

Bess—Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with the knowledge that two or three men are in love with you?

### Wretch.

"George, did you ever love any other woman as well as you love me?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; several of them."

"Indeed! Why didn't you marry one of them instead of me?"

"Well, I suppose I'll be asking myself that question, too, some day."

### Just Nerve.

Some get on by ability,
While brains some others serve;
But most successful men we see
Succeed by nerve—just nerve!


## AGENTS WANTED

**FREE! A HANDSOME WATCH**

Short word and little ad. Handsome embossed case, good watch, to send reader agent in various parts of business coming Fall or Xmas. We pay you for selling and you can make $100 to $200 per month. Write quick, as it is a rushing business. Send 10c. for package and sending us the $2.50 when sold. No trouble to sell these dyes. Every lady you see one or more packages. Don't delay. Write to-day. **SEND NO MONEY** to advance. We trust you. Address with 10 cents for 10 packages of dyes, assorted colors, postpaid. **LAMB'S PURCHASE DYE CO., Dept. 19 Harrison, Ontario.**

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**LEARN** to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Profits, fun, easy. Enclosure, 2c. Stamp. **Mirrors, Box 1, Boston, Mass.**

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**STARK** best by Test—79 YEARS. We **PAY** CASH **GRO** Want **MORE** SALESMEN **PAY** Weekly Stark Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

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**AGENTS WANTED.**

**Either Sex. No canvassing. No soliciting.** No time from your regular occupation. No one will know you are our representative. No capital required. Exclusive territory. Easy permanent, honorable and profitable work for the right party. **Address at once,**

**J. W. KIRK, Key 1903 B, Wayne, Ind**

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**ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 45, Chicago**

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**"NULITE" VAPOR GAS LAMPS**

**For Home, Store or Street.**

**100 Candle Lamps, 100 candle power, 3 hours, 2 cts. 1000 Lamps, 100 candle power, 7 hours, 2 cts. 1000 Lamps, 100 candle power, 10 hours, 2 cts.** Burns with brownish gas. Not with black smoke. No trouble. Absolutely safe. Nothing like them. Sell at sight. Manufacturers' prices. **AGENTS COINING MONEY.** Write for terms of agency. Sample lamp, postpaid, 25 cents. **Dept. C**

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**C. GRAY & CO., Plating Dept. 4, Detroit, Michigan.**

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**PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR**

It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Indispensable in cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10 cents.

Agents Wanted. Address **W. C. WATKINS, Box 1000 Pittsburgh, Pa.**

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in each town to take orders for our new High Grade Guaranteed Bicycles.

**1903 Models**

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|---|---|
| "Dallas," | $14.75 |
| "Coossack," | $10.75 |
| "Elberon," | $12.75 |
| "Meadorf," | $14.75 |

Any other make or model you want at wholesale factory prices. Our line of standard tires and best equipment on our 1903 models. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. subject to examination. Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and prices. Write us before purchasing. It will save you money.

**1902 Models $7 to $12.** A few good second hand wheels taken in exchange for new. Write for our special offer.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 52 D Chicago**

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**FREE** Comfort Cough Tablets cure a cough in one day. Sell 12 Boxes at 25 cents a box; send us the money and we will send you these 2 **WATCH PRESENTS.** Solid Gold Lion Ring with Turquoise centre, surrounded by brilliants and Lady's Neck Chain 14 in. long. No money wanted till goods are sold. When you take back all not sold, **Address, Comfort Medicine Co., Providence, R. I.**

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**AGENTS WANTED**

**TWO RINGS—FREE!**

These two Solid Gold Set with a Rare Diamond, the other a Chased Wedding Ring given free to introduce our new goods. Write at once and get Scarf Pins at 10c. each and sends us the money. Send only your full address and we will send you the RINGS. **GILMORE COMPANY, Dept. 86, Attleboro, Mass.**

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**WE PAY $20** a week and expenses for men with rigs to introduce poultry mixture. Years steady. **DEFIANCE MFG. CO., Dept. 6, Parsons, Kan.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**$30** A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Remedies. Address with stamp, **Dr. Tapp, 3 Parsons, Kan.**

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**$22 A WEEK and all expenses for one** with rig to introduce poultry compound. Straight salary. Address with stamp, **Dr. Tapp, 3 Parsons, Kan.**

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**AGENTS** WANTED to canvass in the city and to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Also paid. From $75 to $200 a month can be made. **Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 84 Bar St., Canton, O.**

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**NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., 324 Trade Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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### Then He "Swore On" Again.

"A new kink in the swear-off game came my way yesterday," said a notary public. "On New Year's Eve a department clerk of my acquaintance, who had been carrying a heavy book load ever since the beginning of the holidays, swung into my office to swear off for the year. He was sure pickled right, and the 105-proof beads of pure alcohol stood out dewily on his forehead. He was pretty close to several things at a night, and he was the worst enemy of the Demon Rum when he came in that I'd seen for a long while. Nothing in it, said he. Bad Job. Ruinous. Home destroyer. Curse of the heard of winmen folks. Never going to touch another drop as long as he lived. And so on.

"Well, I filled in the blank space of the paper, and he took a good clutch on the pen and signed it and carried it away with him. He was duly and legally off of the booze for the term of 365 days.

"Last evening he dropped into my office a little after 6 o'clock. He looked drowsy and sort o' pinched from the cold, but he was sober all right.

"'Howdy,' said I. 'Keepin 'er, I suppose.'

"'Oh, I've been sticking all right,' he replied, 'but, say, what's the use? I'm tired having my nose full than a snowbird.'

"'Too bad, Jack,' said I. 'Yours is indeed a sad, sad story.' 'Wish I could do something for you, but you would do that swear-off stunt, you know.'

"'Yes,' he said, deliberately, 'I would, but now I become loath to swear on things.' I gasped. 'Why, what are you talking about?' You can't do anything like that. You've taken the pledge for a year, and it's signed, sealed and delivered, with seal, wax and all. You simply can't be busted, of course.'

"'Per dickens per dickens!' he said. 'I'm going to have a ball and several of them right this evening, but I'm going to do it without swearing on it.' I'm going to swear on again. Just you make out the paper, and I'll sign it.'

"I tried to argue him out of it, but here's how he met me:

"'Look-a-here, when a man makes his will so that the last red cent he's ever going to be allowed to make? Not on your natural! If, on the very next day, he decides to make another will, and leaves everything to Josie or Dicky or Lulu or Minnie or Tootsie altogether out of it, he just goes to the lawyer and has another will drawn up, signs it, and on the other hand and he destroys it, and then the other will, made only the day before, is as dead as a mackerel in the bottom of the barrel. Same way with swearing off. Well, I've decided that I was fooling it on myself to swear off, and I did that, and now I'm just swearing on again.' You draw up that paper, please.'

"I rigged up a document wherein he resolved to drink, shoot, cuss, carouse around and pour down all of the hot and rebellious booze that he could buy, borrow, beg or steal the ensuing year, and he signed it and went away happy, and an hour later I met him with a bad man that he'd always have traded for a baby grand piano. The law is elastic enough, more's the pity, but I never saw it toyed with quite in that way before."

### A Sad Blow to Ten Men.

Reverend Sam Jones on one occasion delivered his sermon called "Wives and Husbands" before an immense audience in Birmingham, Ala. He dwelt particularly on the beauty and sanctity of married life, bearance between husband and wives, and then, as though drawing out a moral, the rarity of that quality, said:

"If there is a woman in this vast gathering who has never told an unkind word to her husband, she will please stand up."

A moment's silence, as though she had been challenged, and Jones beckoning her with both hands, called out:

"Come here, sister! come right up here to the platform."

The woman did as bidden, and when she reached the preacher's side was presented to the audience as the "most wonderful woman in Birmingham." Jones, continuing his address, asked any man who had never spoken an unkind word to his wife to make himself known. Presently arose a big strapping, self-conscious chaps, who started for the platform without further bidding, and not one of that congregated to the dignitation of praise from the preacher, who, as they reached him, said:

"That's right, my men. Come right up! I want everybody here to gaze on ten of the most helpless liars in the United States."

### Books That Read Themselves.

In a device invented many years ago, but never utilized commercially, a beam of light is made to produce a sound in a telephone, and a beam caused to vibrate by human speech, as by reflection from a telephone disk, may produce that speech at a distant instrument, unconnected by wires. This is effected through the agency of the subsonic called selenium, whose resistance to an electric current is suddenly decreased when light falls upon it, so that it is thus extremely sensitive to all light-variations. The same principle has now been applied in the construction of books for the blind on what is called the "photophonic" principle. The leaves are of transparent paper, and the printed characters resemble those of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. A piece of cardboard with a hole in it is passed along the printed line, and light streams through it into a "photophonic" apparatus, where, through the intervention of a circuit containing selenium and a telephone the dots and dashes are translated, as it were, into sounds separated by longer or shorter intervals of silence.

### Many-Sided Man.

"A man is like the moon," said Janet, abruptly.

"When it is under a cloud," exclaimed Sir Francis.

"We see him right after night," Janet continued, "yet it seems that there's one side that's always hidden from us."—Lippincott's.

# STRONGERTHANHATE

## Or, THE FIRE WOULD NOT DIE

*By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.*

(Copyright, 1902, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 8, Feb. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Laura Sedgely, mounted on a roan horse, her slender figure set off by a deep blue riding habit, cantered down the road to the lake, its glistening waters now free from ice, gleaming like a steel mirror in the distance.

Youth had triumphed in her case, and the shock of learning of Geoffrey's death was lessened by the thought of his unfeeling desertion. During the few days that followed she resolutely put the memory of the pledge for a year, and it's signed, sealed and delivered, with seal, wax and all. Josie or Dicky or Lulu or Minnie or Tootsie altogether out of it. She just goes to the lawyer and has another will drawn up, signs it, and on the other hand and he destroys it, and then the other will, made only the day before, is as dead as a mackerel in the bottom of the barrel. Same way with swearing off. Well, I've decided that I was fooling it on myself to swear off, and I did that, and now I'm just swearing on again.' You draw up that paper, please.'

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(CHAPTER XIV. MISUNDERSTOOD. continued)

turn to the country. Well, he should have! no cause again to call her cruel.

"Ah, there you are, Laura," called out a shrill voice, and she saw Gilbert hurrying toward her, his face beaming.

What a disappointment; now she knew that she had seen the old lover for the last time. How contemptible mean and small seemed the man who was advancing compared to the other.

"Well, why didn't you wait for me, and I would have taken a ride with you?" chattered Chasemore, as he came she-at of her. "Thought I should find you here." then, as she kept her face averted, he saw that something was wrong. "Not angry at me, are you?" he asked.

As she still kept her face away from him to hide her tear-stained eyes, he took her playfully by the arm and swung her around so that she faced him.

"Well, well, what does this mean, young woman? What has happened? You look positively ill. Come, lean on me, for you will not be so mean that horse again. I must see you safely home."

She threw his arm off with an angry gesture.

"Leave me! Leave me!" she exclaimed, passionately. "I want to be alone. Do you hear? Alone! Go! unless you want me to hate you!"

Chasemore looked at her angry face for a moment, and then turned away with a long-drawn out whistle, and walked off.

As he glanced back at the turn of the road, he saw that she was leaning over the saddle with her face buried in her hands, sobbing convulsively.

"Ah, my fair friend, you will not always be able to treat me this way," he muttered,

She faced around to find herself confronting Jeoffrey Hale.

with an angry contraction between his eyebrows. "You will need considerable disciplining to become the finished product as a wife."

Then, shrugging his shoulders, he passed on, much mystified by what he had seen.

## CHAPTER XV.

Chasemore was in a savage mood when he returned to the house after his unpleasant interview with Laura by the lake. Accustomed to having his own way, it irritated him to be treated as an unpleasant circumstance.

Well, once she is mine, I shall find means of discipline," he remarked, as he made his way into the library.

But it was not to read, for he was in no mood for that. He was beginning to think that it would be impossible for him ever to gain her love. Though she tried to conceal it her affections were irrevocably bound up with the past.

"Well, love or not, he was bound to win her; he had set his heart on it and now they were married perhaps these vagaries that referred to the past would be forgotten.

She was angry with him now, though for what reason he could not surmise, for they had been very good friends until this morning. It was therefore a great surprise to him when he saw Devvins enter with a pe-

"See me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; to see you."

"Well, what are you grinning at, you idiot!" exclaimed Chasemore, as he pushed his confidant aside and descended the stairs.

Laura was walking up and down the room when he entered, and she turned around to confront him. She was surprised by the change in her appearance since they met by the lake.

She generally dressed in the plainest fashion, but tonight she seemed to have taken particular pains with her toilet, and her costume of amber silk would not have appeared out of place in a ball room.

Chasemore, who was not easily surprised, wondered why she had taken all this trouble to make herself charming. Her hair, generally in a simple knot at the back of her head, was arranged in an elaborate coiffure, while her cheeks were flushed and her eyes dancing.

"I owe you an apology for the way I treated you this morning," she said, as she advanced, holding out her slender hand.

Much mystified over the sudden change of mood, Chasemore took it, saying at the same time, "I don't think you need apologize for anything you have done or may do."

"You are very kind to treat it in that light," said Laura, seating herself on the sofa. "I felt that some sort of an excuse was necessary. You have seen that I am a very nervous creature and there were circumstances—that—er—er—that, well, I can't explain myself, but I was in a sort of hysterical mood when you happened to meet me by the lake."

"Bless you, I made all due allowances for your being in delicate health," he replied, smiling. "I confess that I rather like these varying moods, Laura. If there is anything uninteresting in life it is a colorless woman who possesses no variety."

"Then you are not hurt because of my rudeness?"

Here her eyes gleamed. What was the cause of this sudden change in sentiments? He could not understand, but it was very pleasant.

"Hurt, my dear girl," he exclaimed, as he attempted to take her hand and failed. "I should be a poor stick if I could not allow for the whims of the women I love."

But, by the way, why did I find you in tears, and why should I have come in just at the time to be the victim of your wrath?"

He said this pleasantly enough, and yet there was an inquiring look in his eyes. He would have liked to have an explanation for her peculiar conduct of the morning.

"Oh, set it down to a fit of nerves," she replied, carelessly, though at the time her eyes grew dim with the memory of that exciting interview she had had with the old love for the last time. Then, with an affected gayety, "But let us talk of more agreeable things, Gilbert, you asked me not long ago to be your wife."

"It is a question that I am always ready to ask you, but you told me 'no'," he murmured, wondering still what had wrought this change in her.

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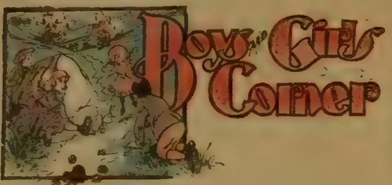


# THE YOUNG PLAINSMEN

## A Story of Western Adventure

### By MARION JOHN

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TELLS OF MUCH TROUBLE.

The sun was just setting, a crimson ball of fire beyond the distant hills, when one of a feeble yoke of oxen that had been slowly dragging a covered wagon across the great Western plains fell heavily to the ground and the wagon came to a sudden stop.

"That settles it, I'm afraid," said the driver, sadly, as he knelt beside the prostrate animal and loosened the bow from its neck. "Old Jim seems completely done up this time, and I scarce see how we are ever to reach water now."

"Oh, well, it's time to camp for the night anyway, and probably Jim is only stopping because he feared that we had forgotten about it," cried a cheery voice at his side, and a woman who had been marching bravely beside the wagon, helped to remove the yoke and then patted and petted the head of the tired ox.

She was a short, plump little woman, with dark resolute eyes and a handsome face, and the idol and guide of her husband, the first speaker, who was tall, slender and stoop-shouldered, and whose mild and gentle expression was that of a man not well fitted to make a successful fight against pioneer hardships.

Many weeks ago they had joined the vast throng of gold-seekers that were pouring across the Continent, from the East to the West, in a race to be among the first to make fortunes in the wonderful gold fields of California, and but few of the struggling pilgrims had been visited with more of hardships and misfortunes than this man and woman and the children they were taking with them. One after another their three cows had died; on the tenth day out from the place of starting their team of horses had been stolen, and, as a consequence, one wagon and most of its contents had been abandoned beside the trail. Three weeks ago their leading yoke of oxen had been drowned in a deep and narrow stream, and now the climax of their troubles seemed to have overtaken them.

On advice, which seemed wisely given at the time, but now appeared to have been disastrous, they had taken the northernmost of some radiating trails far back over the plains, and now that this last calamity had befallen them they could not feel cheered by any hope that a train of immigrants might soon pass that way and give them help, for despite their slow rate of progress it had been more than ten days since they had seen a human being except themselves on the wide dry and dusty plain.

The country had grown wilder, rougher and more nearly mountainous and feed and water more and more scarce.

For miles of their journey up to this point the view to the North had been bounded by long lines of reddish rocks standing up like walls from fifty to a hundred or more feet above the level plain, and even the way they traveled was obstructed by numerous detached rocks and bowlders of red granite around which they wound their toilsome way.

Beneath the white cover of the wagon, bedded as softly and tenderly as possible, but suffering and fading, day by day, lay their only daughter, Anna, a miniature copy of her father in form and mind, and it was plain to see as one looked at her white face and sunken cheeks that she was too frail to bear much longer the hardships of a journey like this.

Two medium-sized boys, one tiny Shetland pony and two huge dogs made up the remainder of the party, and one of the boys now sat in the wagon holding a pillow in his lap on which reposed the head of the sick girl.

It was in this way that she could ride most easily and be best protected from the rolling and jolting of the wagon, and hour after hour, one or the other of the boys would thus show his love for his invalid sister.

She was sixteen years old, and the boys were fifteen and thirteen, Johnnie being the younger and Henry the elder.

The boys were far more like their mother than they were like their father. The same merry [illegible] expression was on their faces, and their forms, though small, were well-knit and muscular.

At the fall of the ox Johnnie, who had been quite a distance ahead along the trail, came flying back on the little Shetland pony that had shared all the labors and privations of the journey, but had seemed to grow stronger and friskier every day. It seemed as if the morning dew upon the grass were nearly all the water he needed, and no grass was ever too dry or dusty [illegible] hilly slopes and in carrying the boys about in search of water or good grass.

He now flew over the [illegible] his young master, for he belonged to Johnnie, to where the new disaster had overtaken the immigrants.

Anna's huge dogs, too, came forward from their post behind the wagon, as if they were deeply sympathetic over the trouble.

They were a pair of crossed mastiffs and bloodhound breed, like young lions for size and sterngth, and very conspicuous, if not, as yet, very valuable, members of the party.

Just a few days before the commencement of the journey, a dear friend of Anna's had sent them to her as a present, to be taken with her across the plains for protectors, and the young girl would not hear to their being left behind.

So far, however, their appetites had been the most notable feature about them, though, it must be admitted, the wonderful speed they possessed had enabled them to run down enough game so that they had been practically self-supporting.

Their dispositions were none of the best toward anybody except members of the family, and it had been hoped that when the rougher parts of the country had been reached they would do good service as watch dogs, but as they had both been ahead on the trail a few miles with Henry the night the horses had been stolen, their value in this regard had not been tested when there had been most need of it.

These dogs, Lion and Nancy they were called, united with Master Dick, the pony, in showing no signs of having undergone hardships, and Johnnie declared they were all "fat and sassier" than when the trip commenced.

It was very different with the poor ox, however. He was so weak and worn out that it looked very doubtful whether he would ever walk again, but the cooler air of the night revived him somewhat, and he was got onto his feet once more, and, with the help of little Dick, tugging away in his tiny harness at the end of the wagon tongue, the wheels were kept turning a while longer to a place where a small pool of brackish water was found, from which the animals drank long and eagerly, but the immigrants dared not use it, and partook sparingly of the small store which they carried in the wagon, and replenished whenever opportunity offered.

It was about ten o'clock at night when the pool was reached, and a full moon, sailing in and out among fleecy clouds in the sky, cast a radiance almost as clear as day over the wide and dreary plain.

The grass dried and withered by the heat and drouth, rustled in the wind, and the far-off cries of the night birds, and the howling of the wolves and barking of the foxes sounded mournfully on the ear.

The scant supper was hastily cooked and eaten, the oxen turned loose to graze as best they might, the tent set up and Anna, as was her wish transferred to it from the wagon, of which she grew so tired during the day, and deep sleep soon settled down upon the weary travelers, while the restless pony and the giant dogs kept watch about the camp.

CHAPTER II.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

It was full daylight when all were awakened by the loud and fierce barking of the dogs, and it took but a moment to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The wind was blowing still harder than on the day before from the South, and all the southern horizon was filled by dense clouds of black smoke, shot and lanced by tongues of flame, as one of the dreaded prairie fires swept over the dry grass of the plain directly toward them.

From the South came the awful danger, and neither to the East or West was there any hope of escape for, in both directions the rolling hills covered with the same dry grass, stretched away as far as the eye could reach, broken here and there by isolated rocks but by nothing that could offer any protection from the galloping flames.

To the North the same irregular line of reddish cliffs that had bounded the view in that direction for miles, now dim and distant, now close and sharply outlined, lay about a mile away and the intervening distance was covered partly by the withered grass, but mostly by an arid waste of sand and small scattered rocks that lay, half a mile or more wide, along the base of the red cliff.

Was there time to yoke the oxen and for their feeble limbs to draw the wagon across the half mile of intervening grass and out upon the desert, but friendly sand, before the rushing flames should overtake them?

It seemed scarcely possible, but there was no other hope.

For a back fire there [illegible] nor was the grass around them thick or heavy enough.

The oxen were near at hand, and the first action had been to run to them and bring them to the wagon.

Wr. Waite and the boys yoked them in as fast as possible. Mrs. Waite, in the meantime, wrapping Anna in blankets and seating her upon a robe, spread upon the grass, until the tent and all the scattered articles lying about should be loaded onto the wagon.

Rapidly the oxen were put in place and turned about to the North, and then six willing hands added to the work, hastily

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tore down the tent and thrust it under the cover, and then all approached Anna to raise her gently and place her upon the tent which had been spread out as evenly as possible on top of the load.

The dull roar of the fire was now clearly to be heard and the dogs whined and crouched near Anna, the oxen uneasily snuffed the air, and Dick, with rolling eyes, tossing mane and snorting nostrils, trotted round and round the camp, looking, and no doubt feeling wonderfully excited and important.

Just as the father stooped over Anna to lift her in the arms, the oxen, unable to bear any longer the strange noise of the fire and the smell of the smoke, started forward on a mad run for the cliffs, bellowing loudly as they ran, and drawing the pitching and bounding wagon after them over the uneven ground. As they rushed away, there burst from Mr. Waite's lips the wild cry of, "Oh, Anna! What will become of her? Can I carry her so far in time?" and with no pause and without looking to the right or left he sped away over the prairie with the frail burden in his arms.

On each side of him Mrs. Waite and Henry ran at full speed, holding him by either arm and helping him forward.

For a short space he ran well. Then his breath came in short gasps and his legs trembled beneath him and he sank to his knees.

Louder and louder behind them roared and crackled the flames; higher and denser rolled the smoke and Mrs. Waite called out despairingly: "Johnnie, where is he?"

With some slight aim Johnnie fired.

Like an echo from the thickening smoke came back his shrill boyish voice in answer: "Here I am, all O. K." and immediately there clattered up to them on his dainty hoofs the pet and favorite pony, whom Johnnie had stayed behind to bridle and saddle with the accoutrements that he had left off the wagon for that purpose.

"Get up here, Pal!" he yelled, in all the wild glee of a boy out on what seemed to him a lark. "Git up here, quick, and take Anna and him out of here after the oxen as fast as this little nuisance can make his legs go!"

The shrill voice came like a voice from Heaven to the three who had been so despairing a moment before, and like a flash Johnnie sprang to the ground and his father was more than half lifted to the pony's back. Anna was placed in his arms and Dick given his own way, which he took in flying out of sight like a flash in the direction the cattle had gone before.

Johnnie had inspired. He whipped out his handkerchief, bade Henry do the same, and the boys slipped them over the eyes of tars of the dogs, and then Johnnie held the two ends of the in his right hands, Henry held his in his left, and, giving their two free hands, one one each side, to their mother and urging on the dogs as if for a frolic, the boys and their mother between them, were rushed across the plain as such a speed they were barely able to keep their feet. Closer and closer behind them leaped and hissed the oncoming fire and all about them rolled the dense and stifling smoke. But the friendly wind is not far away and before the scorching heat comes to beat too fiercely upon them, they are all safe beyond its reach, joyous at their escape, but looking with rueful countenances at the wagon, which lies beneath into a hopeless wreck at the foot of a sharp little bank, the cattle standing near it with drooping heads and lolling tongues after their wild run.

CHAPTER III.
THE ANTELOPE.

The wagon was indeed a wreck. The forward axletree, both front wheels and one hind wheel were broken beyond repair.

"All at once and nothing at first.

Just as bubbles do when they burst," quoted Henry, as he helped to pry up one end of the box to a level with the other, in order that Anna might be placed beneath the cover as soon as possible, out of the burning rays of the sun, which was already nearly mid-day.

The sick girl seemed none the worse for her wild ride on the pony, but the struggle Mr. Waite had made to carry her appeared to have almost prostrated his strength, so long and severely had he by labors and troubles of the journey.

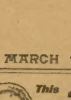
"It feels pretty tough," said Johnnie, "We are all out here several hundred miles from anywhere: our wagon is gone and Anna so sick she couldn't travel anyway. The fire has burned all our grass, and the water in that little mudhole is bad enough to kill all the animals if they drink much more of it."

"But looks very dark, dear boys," said Mrs. Waite, in her sweet, firm voice. "but when we remember how Johnnie and the ponies have been saved our lives and from the fire, we ought not to lose hope, nor cease trying to save ourselves. Perhaps some other travelers may come this way before long."

"Perhaps, but it is not very likely," said Henry, "for we seem to be a long way North of the usual trails, and the fact that the grass is burned for several here will keep folks from driving this way if they can help it."

"There's one thing sure," exclaimed Johnnie with a sudden inspiration, "and that is, if we could get the young antelope over the edge of the cliff, we would have a very fine dinner, if we could only manage to wash it down with," and he pointed excitedly toward the cliffs and a little to the West of them where a young calf was standing with horn sharply outlined against the surface of the rock.

"Sit down, boys, and keep perfectly quiet for a moment until we study out a plan of campaign," said Mrs. Waite, her eyes lighting up at the thought of getting some tender and juicy antelope steak for the hungry "We animals was probably driven from the grassy plain by the fire and now does not know just what to do with itself. You see, we are a little to the East of it, and the wall of the cliff will keep it from going farther North. It is too fleet of foot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for us to hope that the dogs can overtake it in a fair race, but I think the way to do would be for one of us to remain here with one dog, for another to take a good long circuit out to the South, and so get around to the West of it, and for the other to take a similar circle out around to the North and then to come straight in toward it. I will stay here with Lion and one of the shotguns, you boys take the other shotgun and the rifle and Nancy and go out around to the South, and let Johnnie move straight in toward it with the rifle and Henry come around to the West and behind it. You are not to move, then by the time you have gone a little way out that rock near by it will cover it, so that you and the pretty little beast and you will be able to come up unobserved. As soon as you are in the right position, we will all move in toward the rocks and let the antelope's actions guide us after that. If he runs either to the East or the West, the dogs will have a good chance to head him off and if he runs out near Johnnie, the rifle ball may bring him down. Let us now start and maybe our fortune will be good."

The boys had listened with eager attention to their mother, and entered at once upon her scheme. The guns were taken from the wagon without disturbing Anna, who had fallen into a gentle sleep, and the boys started out to the South to begin their way around the unsuspecting antelope.

Very swiftly and silently they ran, and it was not long before the mother's eager eyes beheld them at their respective posts, and casting a glance at the antelope to see that it was still where it was first seen, she gave the signal for action. As Lion ranged, she and Henry moved forward faster than Johnnie, and when they reached the cliff in a semi-circle, but, alas! with very wide openings between at the corners of the two ends. Slowly and steadily they advanced, but there was no sign of the little animal, which, however, was plainly in sight of the mother. Almost half of the distance had been traversed, and the poor antelope tossed its pretty head in the air and retired slowly behind the large rock near which it stood. Slowly they pressed forward, and when only about two hundred feet separated Johnnie from the little, he saw the graceful shape of his intended prey emerging from behind the rock to the West and with but slight time taken for aim, he fired at the side of the unsuspecting deer and at the same time Mrs. Waite and Henry, who had heard the distant report, set the dogs and urged them forward. The little animal sprang to the sound of the rifle cracked and then bounded forward ten or fifteen feet toward the West, but immediately changed its course and ran back to Nancy, whose dark yellow form was flying in that direction. Johnnie saw the little antelope at a frightful speed, as was Lion across the open space between the rocks and the rock. Almost at the same instant, as it seemed, the dogs and the wounded animal disappeared from view behind the mammoth's now useless shelter, and the boys in the distance heard the triumphant cry of be "In at the death." Mrs. Waite made haste now, and by the time the boys were sure to see the little antelope's dying struggles and she was still standing beside the cliff when she was astonished to see the boys, who appeared from behind what she had supposed to be a rock, instead of that hid a death scene, and cried in amazement:

"There ain't nothing here, neither dogs nor antelope!"

She was too surprised to think of correcting their grammar, and hurried forward till she reached the corner of the corral and see for herself that the report was only too true. Nancy, Lion and Henry were lying on the glistening red sand, nor amid the scattered splinters of the rock could she have scaled from the face of the cliff above, and still more wonderful, there was not to be heard the slightest sound from the two dogs that a moment before had rushed out of sight with the antelope.

About a hundred feet high stood the rocky wall in front of the little mounds of sand-like, but more like a column of pillars set close to each other, and apparently built unevenly into the mighty front of the cliff, an opening, cut to its full height and about eight or ten feet wide, appeared plainly before them, their eyes having passed it over at first because it looked more like a deeper recess made by the columnar formation of the wall.

Without a moment's hesitation all three hastened along the rocky path toward the opening. After running diagonally straight into the cliff for a hundred feet, it turned quite sharply around to the right, and for fifty feet or more and then with a sweep to the left

### The General Was Cautious.

It has become necessary to act warily in showing civility to strangers in London. Recently a retired general officer of benevolent aspect was standing outside one of the great West End shops when a well-dressed, veiled woman approached him and said: "Excuse me, would you mind holding my baby till I put my umbrella up?" But the general had learned many things in his journey through life, among them the trick sometimes practiced of abandoning infants in broad daylight. "I am sorry I don't know how to hold the baby," he replied, politely, "but I'll put your umbrella up for you."

### It Never Struck Him.

It was Christopher's daughter, Mrs. Ferrier, who described Jowett as "the little downy owl," and it was her husband, the learned philosopher, who, with all his learning, could not understand mathematics. On being told that his son was backward in arithmetic, he said: "That proves clearly that he is my son, for when a boy I was very backward in arithmetic. For instance, at the multiplication table I could never distinguish seven times eight from eight times seven." "But," said the tutor, "did you never see that they were the same thing?" "Well," replied Professor Ferrier, "I never thought of that."


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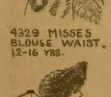

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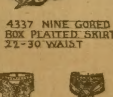

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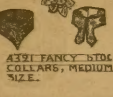

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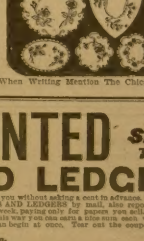

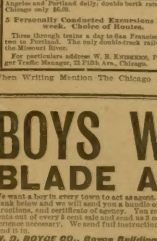


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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

### Man's Best Friend.

In London there is an exceedingly pretty cemetery devoted principally to man's best friend, the faithful dog. Near Victoria's Gate, Hyde Park, stands the gatekeeper's lodge, attached to which there is a fair sized garden, the last resting place of many a favored pet. Several years ago when the favorite dog named Prince, belonging to the Duke of Cumerdige, was run over in the park, brought to the lodge, and afterward buried in the garden. A marble stone shows the place where he lies. After this many who had heard of the event requested to have their dogs laid to rest in the same plot of ground, and thus it came about that the permission of the chief of the royal rangers was obtained to allow the garden to become a cemetery for dogs. It has now been in existence twenty years, and there are about 300 to 400 graves, all beautifully kept. Some people pay a certain amount yearly to have the graves properly attended to. Some only pay when the dog is buried, and the cemetery is visited very regularly by many of the people who have laid their faithful friends. The tombstones are very nearly of a size and mostly of marble. There are about the same many inscriptions, such as "Toby was my friend, faithful and true to me;" "Jack, the dandy, a sportsman and a pal;" and "To my dear Rob. He talked with such brown eyes—more eloquent than speech."

### He Knows Jack Frost.

It was the first bitter cold day of the winter, and the kindergarten was animated by discussing the advent of "Jack Frost."

THE PROPER PLACE.

Mrs. Casey (at breakfast April 1)—Patsy put salt in the sugar bowl! Ha! Ha! Casey—Well, did yez think he put it in the coal bin?

Finally the teacher said with an air of mystery:

"I wonder if anyone can tell us what 'Jack Frost' really is?"

Silence for a moment; then Louis' black eyes began to twinkle and he gave a little wriggle of joy.

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I know what's 'Jack Frost.' He's the iceman!"

### An Eskimo Trick.

The short, chubby, wooden-looking Eskimo men wheedle silver out of the populace by playing a game requiring considerable skill. This consists in lifting a donated nickel or dime out of the ground by the crack of a whip. The whips these people use are like an ordinary bull goad, with a number of leather lashes added to the total length of twenty-four feet; near about these long lashes along the ground like snakes straighten at the end—the edge is the keen, and as each whip reaches the spot it curls with a snap like a pistol shot and likely as not lifts the coin high in the air, then the coin goes to whoever gets it in that way.

### Cautious Sam.

There is one boy in New York, if the Times of that city has told the story, who will not hereafter come to financial grief by indiscriminate confidence in other men.

Sam works in one of the big shops up-town in the New York. He is bright, honest, quick and trustworthy. When his employer wanted a second boy he sent for Sam.

"Sam," said he, "can you get us a boy? He must be as good a boy as you are."

Sam thought awhile, then agreed to send one. The next day the boy arrived, and Sam was called to identify him.

"Do you know this boy, Sam?" asked the employer.

"Yes," answered Sam, "I know him."

"And you know him to be a good, honest boy?"

"I have played with him all my life, and have always thought he was."

"But will you vouch for him?" persisted the employer.

"No," answered Sam, indignantly. "I won't vouch for any one. I wouldn't vouch for my own brother. How do I know what temptations you are going to put before him?"

### Betsey's Solution.

A good planter's wife 'befo' de wah' was teaching a jet-black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsey had learned the first two, says Harper's Magazine, but always forgot the letter "C."

"Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress.

"Yassum," answered Betsy. But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely: "A—B—" and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wif 'em, ma'am."

### As They Understood It.

The teacher had been explaining to the class in etymology the meaning of the word "many" as an ending in compounds, and taken as illustrations the three words "polygamy," "bigamy," and "monogamy." "Polygamy children," she explained, "is the condition of having several wives; bigamy, the condition of having two wives, and monogamy, that of having one wife."

After discussing various other roots and words, she reverted to those she had first explained, and put questions to test the knowledge of her pupils. "Now, children," she said, "when a man has many wives, or a woman has many husbands, what do we call it?"

"Polygamy," was the response.

"And what is it when there are two wives or two husbands?"

"Bigamy."

"Very good. But if the right state of affairs exists, and a man has only one wife and a woman only one husband—what is it then?"

"Monotony."

### Did as He Was Told.

A little freedom is a dangerous thing, but it is a most luxurious one, thought young Alfred, who, according to the Utica Observer, went to a party under instructions from his father not to walk home if it rained, but to take a cab.

It did rain, and great was the father's surprise when his son arrived home drenched to the skin.

"Why didn't you take a cab, as I told you?" asked the father, sternly.

"Oh, I did!" was the savage reply. "But when I ride with you, you always make me ride inside. This time I went on top with the driver. Say, that was grand!"

### Sadie's Guess.

Teacher—Can any little girl tell me who was Columbus?

Sadie (frantically snapping her fingers)—I know.

Teacher—Well, Sadie?

Sadie—Columbus the gem of the ocean.

### Recuperating.

One day little 4-year-old Cora was trying to stand on her head. Her mother asked her what she was doing. She answered:

"I'm standing on my head to rest my feet."


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